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### THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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### INDIA AT THE END OF OCTOBER.

THE news brought us by the telegraph ought to convince even a French critic on the look-out for the finger of Providence. The successes obscurely shadowed forth by the last intelligence are confirmed—the successes which were past all doubt have fructified beyond our most sanguine hopes—and there is now scarcely a single point of the Peninsula at which we do not see our way clearly to the re-establishment of order and the vindication of outraged justice. In the rare cases where the fate of some of our countrymen is still in suspense, it would be almost cowardice to doubt of the event. The gallant men shut up at Rewah and Saugor are in a situation which two months since we must have called eminently dangerous; but the immense improvement in the general posture of affairs must tell even upon the most isolated positions, and we are entitled to expect that these critical struggles will end rather with the prosperous fortune of Lucknow and Arrah than with the disaster of Cawnpore. Besides these, there are some other items of the telegraphic news which might perhaps be unfavourably interpreted; but they are most enigmatically expressed, and it would be useless to discuss them before the arrival of the mail. The regiment which is said to have mutined at Deesa, if it belonged to the Bombay army, is evidently wrongly designated; and we may now suspect that the true occurrence is the revolt, at some other place, of the only Bengal regiment which remained loyal. On the other side of the Peninsula, the despatch of troops from Calcutta to Masulipatam, the port of the NIZAM's capital—recorded in company with a confused announcement of disturbances at "Hyderabad"—might have disquieted those who know how immeasurably important is the continuance of tranquillity in the dominions of the NIZAM. But at the last dates from Calcutta nothing was known of any movement at Hyderabad in the Deccan; and it may be conjectured that the *Caledonia* simply took back to Masulipatam some troops which were originally destined for service in those parts, but which had been carried on to Calcutta in compliance with a general order to send on all available forces to the seat of Government.

All that is unfavourable or equivocal in the intelligence has now been stated. The rest is the record of unmingled success. In the North-West one other name has been added to the list of heroes (and we add, without fear of being misunderstood, of *middle-class* heroes), which the English people has constructed out of the history of these events. Colonel GREATHED's exploits involve neither more nor less than the destruction or dispersion of two of the grand central masses of Sepoy revolt. The bulk of the mutineers, it will be remembered, retired from Delhi about the middle of the storm, crossing the Jumna by the bridge of boats. They marched off in tolerable order, but the movement in itself showed that the cohesion of the rebels was destroyed, and their desertion of the King of DELHI was, moreover, a proof that the alliance of Hindoo and Mahometan had parted asunder. The road which they followed led eastwards, and it is likely that the hope of joining the revolted who surround NANA SAHIB, or the habitual gravitation of the Hindoo towards his birth-place, was prompting them to make for Oude by way of Bareilly. But at Bolundshuhur they were

overtaken and attacked by Colonel GREATHED, and the retreating force seems to have been cut in two. One portion may have continued the original route, for we hear of them shortly afterwards on the Oude side of the Ganges. The main body appears, however, to have turned at a right-angle, and taken a southerly course between the rivers—probably quite as much from fear of crossing the Ganges with the pursuing column behind it, as from any idea of the powerful succour it was close upon receiving from the revolted Contingents of the Mahratta Princes, which were hurrying upwards from the South. Again it was caught by its pursuers at Allyghur, and, as far as we can judge, broken completely in pieces. Colonel GREATHED is then heard of at Agra. Whatever was the cause which induced him to cross the Jumna, the movement was a piece of brilliant good fortune for himself and his country. The fort of Agra—which, before his arrival, was garrisoned solely by a small mixed force of civilians and soldiers, already most terribly thinned by its own rather imprudent gallantry—was suddenly attacked by the Sepoy brigades just escaped from the surveillance of SCINDIAH and HOLKAR. Had Colonel GREATHED's column come in a day later, it is difficult to believe that the assault could have been repulsed; and we, though knowing the event, can scarcely even now think with calmness of the results which would have followed the success of the mutineers. The fort was crowded with women and children; and the consequences of its capture to its inmates would have been matched by the effects on all India. Agra, built by the Emperor AKBAR with the express design of supplanting the older Mogul capital, and practically treated by ourselves as the metropolis of the North-West, would have been a centre of disaffection hardly less perilous to us than Delhi; and the strong and scientifically-framed defences of its fort would have opposed a resistance to our arms little less formidable than that which we have just overcome, and, under the circumstances, even more embarrassing. As it was, the revolted met their Waterloo before its lines. The defeat was most signal, and they are not likely again to await a contest in the open field. Of the forty-three guns and the five lacs of rupees which fell into the hands of the troops, the latter might have proved a perplexing booty if Agra had not been at hand as a place of deposit. 50,000*l.* in specie, might have sorely added to the difficulty of keeping together the wild Punjabee levies who had conquered with Colonel GREATHED.

The remainder of the intelligence needs to be completed, though not to be confirmed, before it can be satisfactorily discussed. The rumour which speaks of the Maharajah SCINDIAH as having been murdered is not wholly incredible. The last authentic news left him keeping his Sepoy Contingent in check by help of a quasi-feudal levy of the principal landed proprietors in his territory; but we know that he had been worsted, since his Contingent either joined in the assault on Agra, or (if another account is to be trusted) had marched on Cawnpore. We have observed, on a former occasion, that one of the few certain conclusions furnished by the revolt is the utter foolishness of that policy, once so popular and so industriously pursued, which compelled the protected Princes to maintain a soldiery alike treacherous to the Power which disciplined it and oppressive to the Power which paid it. If it be really true that the regiments lately attached to SCINDIAH were moving towards Cawnpore, no uneasiness need be felt at their proximity to a region now rapidly filling with European troops. It is clear that a steady stream of English soldiers is flowing towards Cawnpore and Oude; and the very remarkable and exceedingly creditable rapidity with which the two China regiments have effected their advance to Lucknow leaves little doubt that

there will be force enough on the Upper Ganges to give a good account of the mutineers from any and every quarter. This rumoured movement of SCINDIAN'S troops is, however, the only circumstance which prevents our asserting generally of the whole Peninsula, that there does not exist at any point any single body of revolvers which has not lost its military spirit through having been at least once disgracefully routed. The symptoms of declining ardour and hopefulness are not to be mistaken. Whenever, of two forces opposed to each other over an extensive field of operations, one is eager for more cavalry, and the other is so anxiously occupied in entrenching itself that it cannot even pause to intercept convoys of provisions, a man must be very ignorant of human nature who cannot estimate the relative situations of the combatants.

#### THE POLICY OF DELAY.

PEOPLE would very likely have been content to wait some time longer for a Reform Bill but for the restless ambition of Lord JOHN RUSSELL. Lord JOHN'S character as a statesman is the exact opposite of that of his illustrious rival. PEEL was morbidly and fatally averse to constitutional change. His guiding principle—and it was at all events an unselfish and patriotic principle—was to effect the utmost possible amount of practical improvement with the least possible strain on the constitution. He never agitated; he never appealed to violent political passions; he never did anything which could weaken the hands of the Executive Government; he never brought forward measures for the sake of popularity, or without being assured that he could carry them. He waited patiently—in the opinion of many of his followers, far too patiently—for the possession of power; and, once possessed of it, he used it vigorously and for great ends. Lord JOHN'S name, on the contrary, is honourably associated with great and beneficent constitutional changes which PEEL had the hereditary misfortune and the personal folly to oppose. But he is utterly destitute of the patriotic prudence of his rival. Though not without noble aspirations and a sincere love of political justice, he has shown himself to be a thoroughly selfish man—selfish towards his country, his opponents, and his colleagues. He threw the Conservatives out in 1835 by a general resolution on a matter of principle, which he soon afterwards proceeded himself to disregard. He proposed the substitution of a fixed duty for the sliding scale, at the fall of the MELBOURNE Ministry, simply and obviously to set the House on fire before he left it—the power to carry that or any other measure having entirely passed from his hands. He became a sudden convert to total repeal directly he saw that his conversion might deal a death-blow to “a Conservative Ministry in convulsions.” He kindled the most violent religious passions by his Durham Letter, for no object but to preserve his own popularity with fanatics. He magnanimously consented to take office under Lord ABERDEEN; but he immediately repented of his magnanimity, and took to courses which found their just retribution in his little disaster at Vienna. His desertion of his colleagues on Mr. ROEBUCK'S motion of censure, would have put any man, without a strong party following and great antecedents, out of the pale of political honour. He immediately paid for it by a final subordination to the more manly and honourable character of a rival whom he had once thrown overboard with continuity. Directly he is out of office, he is an agitator—reckless as the lowest demagogue of the shocks he may give the constitution, or of the political passions he may excite—reckless of everything but his own return to office. And when he has gained office, he means, we have no doubt, to do great things, but he does nothing. The last Ministry of which he was chief was a vacuum in our annals. His ambition is at once craving and feeble—it seeks power by great social convulsions, and uses it for small Whig jobs. Another RUSSELL Ministry would be merely another torpor. We do not think it wise to tax a good action with bad motives, or to be extreme to mark the excess of the impelling power of ambition in public men; but Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S course, though not without honour and merit, is absolutely branded with self-love.

However, he and his Reform Bill are not to be put by. He has too good a case, and is too well backed, for that. Lord PALMERSTON sees this, and yields, like a sensible man, and one who, as an aristocrat of the old régime, has a personal antipathy to political progress, but no particular convictions on any political subject. Ministers cannot be masters of necessity; and it is only Mr. DISRAELI who, as the *Press*

assures us, is the head of a perfectly united party. Lord PALMERSTON, not being straitlaced, may well say to himself that he is preferred by the country as a War Minister and a chief of the Executive, and that the country must make up its own mind and have its own way about the representation. He would not avert Parliamentary Reform by going out, and he may hope to guide it by remaining in. We believe that he has given his word as a gentleman, frankly, though with reluctance, and that he means to play no tricks. He is too strong and clear-headed to try such a subterfuge as was tried for him the other day by the *Times*. But that effort of obsequiousness is a high tribute to his genius as a political tactician. In two great instances he has had the vigour to grasp advantages which feebler minds had only fingered. Others had patronized the mighty party of the Recordites—he bought it outright, and Calvinism has applied the title of “Man of God” to the audacious author of the dictum that all men are born good. Others had formed *liaisons* with the *Times*—he has made it absolutely his own; and it has furiously applauded the most reckless of his little wars, and said for him what he could hardly have got his own *Post* to say, to stave off its own measure of Parliamentary Reform. The *Daily News* was asking the other day, in a fit of doleful adulation, what had become of the thunderbolts which the *Times* used to launch against all the Ministers and Generals in the Russian war. If the *Daily News* wants particularly to find the thunderbolts, it had better look under the settees at Cambridge House. We applaud the *Times* for backing Government against the Sepoys; but it is a little too much to hear it insinuate that it was in order to have troops off the coast of India at the nick of time for the mutiny, that Lord PALMERSTON providentially went into the China war. If the *Times* does this kind of thing, how is the poor *Post* to live?

Reform cannot be shirked next Session without a loss of character to the Government and the House of Commons, pledged as they are, which any enlightened Conservative would think worse in the long run than even a democratic extension of the suffrage. There are proved injustices and absurdities in the representation, quite independently of the mere narrowness of the suffrage. Nobody groans very much under them, nobody's life is very deeply affected by them. A political millennium will not follow their removal. A political millennium did not even follow the great Reform Bill. But the Legislature is bound to remove them, and our institutions will be the sounder when it is done. The present is always the best time for doing reason and justice. But it happens also that at this moment all things are favourable to what is no doubt a grave and perilous operation. The nation is calm, even to stagnation. Europe has overreached itself in political progress, and the lassitude that has followed has extended in some degree to this country, of which the PALMERSTON dictatorship is the consequence and the sign. The feeling between all classes is pretty good, thanks to the first Reform Bill, and the acts of social justice to which it led. If any class is in discredit at this moment, it is the trading class, which might otherwise play the tyrant. There is no violence. The demagogues cannot get it up; and the House of Commons must be very abject cowards (cowards we fear they are) to be terrorized by Mr. ROEBUCK and his mock Montagnards. Two great national struggles, against Russia and against the Sepoys, have recently drawn all our hearts together, and made us feel that we are one nation. The Executive Government is popular and strong. Both the great political parties have learnt some severe and sobering lessons. The more clear-sighted Tories have discovered that blind obstruction is a desperate and anarchical game; and their leader in the House of Commons seems even inclined to advise his party to take the line of bringing in a Jesuit Reform Bill of their own. The Liberals have been taught by great and terrible examples that unlimited extension of the suffrage to the uneducated is by no means favourable to the Liberal cause. We may fairly hope that now, if ever, the reform of the representation will be approached in a patriotic, sensible, and courageous spirit, and that we shall give the world another example of that power of calm and rational self-improvement which belongs only to free nations.

#### THE CAUSES OF THE CRISIS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the recently reported failure of another large provincial Bank, the worst of the crisis appears to be over, and enough has transpired to indicate the real causes of the disaster. Under present circumstances, the



morbid anatomy of trade, as exhibited in the failures that have occurred, may be a serviceable, though not a pleasing study. It is very material to ascertain whether the troubles we have been passing through are to be attributed to unavoidable accident, or to the wilful errors of speculative houses, acting in full knowledge of the mischief they might do, and in the confidence that if matters came to the worst, Providence, in the shape of Lord PALMERSTON, would step in and save them from ruin. If the latter is the real state of the case, there is an end of the argument that commercial crises are to be regarded as the work of destiny, to be met by exceptional relief, instead of being averted beforehand by the warnings of an inflexible law. The apologists of Lord PALMERSTON of course attribute all that has occurred to the mischance of the American panic; but it is daily becoming more evident that the direct influence of this disturbance, serious as it must needs have been, would not of itself have prostrated our commerce or led to any interference with our monetary laws. The principal houses which have really a right to attribute their suspension to the failure of American debtors, are already re-establishing themselves on a creditable footing. All they required was time; and they have been able to offer an early payment of all their liabilities with interest in the meantime. Failures such as these would never have produced the panic which has lately prevailed in this country. But there is another and very different type of commercial disaster to be found in the majority of the suspensions which have been reported. We have more narratives of the manufacture of fictitious bills, and we have accumulating evidence of the extent to which the system has been fostered by the speculative policy of banks and money-dealers. It is not to ignorant or unlucky traders that the panic is to be attributed, but to those whose special business it is to understand and to act upon the principles by which the money-market is governed. They did understand them, and one of the principles on which they relied was that they might be careless of risk, because Government would step in to save them from its ultimate consequences.

Now, if these are the real facts, how entirely do they dispose of the arguments which are urged in favour of relaxing the stringency of our monetary laws. We are not now referring to those declaimers against the Bank Act who grow fervent about arbitrary interference with the issue of paper, and who believe, in all simplicity, that PEELE'S Act is a subtle contrivance for maintaining a curiously artificial standard of currency. These gentlemen can never be got to see that the Act, so far from interfering with the natural course of trade, does exactly the reverse, by prohibiting the arbitrary creation of conventional money, which would interfere, and is always intended to interfere, with the natural flow of bullion and the market rate of interest. Against fanatics of this stamp, silence is the only weapon. But there is another class of theorists to whom the facts we have noticed ought to bring conviction. They are men who attack the Bank Charter Act not from ignorance, but from want of faith. They know that the law of which they complain is simply an enactment that the trade in money shall be left to itself as completely as it would be if Bank-notes had never been invented. They admit that it combines the convenience and economy of paper with a flow of coin as free from artificial regulation or disturbance as the supply of the necessities of life now fortunately is. But they say that the self-acting rule of Free Trade, which is best in every other case, is not the best law for the trade in money. They recognise the broad truth that the complicated action of the separate interests of traders all over the world, if let alone, will carry everything where it is wanted, in the right quantity and at the right time. They will trust this principle to furnish the millions of a city like London with their daily food and their daily luxuries—as it does, without stint or waste, and with a success which the ablest commissariat staff could not attain to in supplying an army of as many thousands. But no sooner do they begin to talk of gold than they refuse to put faith in the principle which, in every other discussion, they accept as a safe and certain guide. And yet the doctrine rests on a foundation which must be universal. It cannot be questioned in any one of its applications without rejecting the assumption on which the whole science of political economy is based—viz., that, in the main, men will pursue their individual interests, and will have intelligence enough to see in what they consist. If merchants failed to show this amount of intelligence and prudence in the general management of their business, free trade would be a disastrous failure, and

we should constantly hear appeals to Government for relief against periodic famines. If the same measure of prudence were displayed by those who conduct the trade in money, panics would seldom occur, and never in the aggravated form which they now assume.

There is no way of teaching wisdom but by letting men feel the consequences of folly. It needs no extraordinary sagacity to distinguish prudence from imprudence in money dealings. The merchant who scatters accommodation paper about the market, knows very well that he is playing at a dangerous game. The money-dealers who make advances on questionable securities up to the edge of their means, rather than sacrifice a portion of profit for the security of an adequate reserve, are aware of the risks they run. Banks, whose capital is locked up in an unavailable form, must be conscious that the first breath of suspicion may bring them to ruin. Yet all these practices go on as a matter of course until a rise in the demand for accommodation, or a delay in the arrival of remittances from abroad, overthrows one establishment after another, and discloses an amount of unsound trading that leaves every man in doubt of the solvency of his neighbour. Now, what is at the root of all this reckless folly? Why do so many merchants, and money-dealers, and banks, carry on trade on a footing that involves such danger of eventual failure? The reason is obvious. The merchant, of course, relies upon his banker or his discount house to help him through any difficulty. The money-dealer thinks he may as well run matters fine, and so make the larger profits; for if a difficulty comes, what is the Bank of England for, if not to give assistance when it is required? He foresees, perhaps, that at the very time when he is likely to be pinched, the Bank itself may not have the means to supply the wants of every applicant. But that is a risk which the speculator does not dread, for he is quite satisfied that in such a strait legal restrictions will be set at naught, and notes will be forthcoming to stave off the ruin which he has deliberately risked. It is vain to expect that a more wholesome system will ever be introduced while men are tempted to carry on business, in defiance of every maxim of prudence, by the assurance—it matters not whether express or implied—that the law shall always be suspended in time to avert their ultimate crash.

If it is said that it is impossible to prevent over-trading, and that the mischief is done without any deep calculation as to the course which the Bank or the Government may take, the facts of the present crisis furnish the answer. The offenders are not only or chiefly a multitude of small traders, doing all the business they can grasp, and who might perhaps be fairly assumed to have acted without much reference to the Act or its suspension. Men of this stamp cannot of themselves bring about a crisis. It requires the assistance of indulgent bankers and great discount houses to make trade thoroughly rotten. If the dealers in money were to act with uniform prudence, as they would be compelled to do if they had no Government interposition to look to in the last resort, over-speculation could never be carried to a very formidable extent. The fault must always lie in great measure at the doors of the particular class of traders who have been the especial instruments in bringing about the present crisis. They are not men on whom a rigid enforcement of the law would be lost. They would see at once the necessity of adopting a more cautious style of business, when they had no longer the assurance of indefinite aid from the Bank of England. Their prudence would react upon their customers, and though it would be idle to suppose that we can escape altogether from periods of pressure, the chief engine for the encouragement of over-speculation and the production of commercial panic would be converted into a sound element of the mercantile body. On the other hand, if any sanction is given to the practice of suspending the Bank Act on every difficulty, the wildest of the banking and discount establishments will be justified and encouraged in a course of business which renders a crisis no longer an accident to call forth compassion, but an event coolly foreseen and deliberately courted.

#### STEAM *v.* SAILS.

WHILE we have thought it right, on all occasions, to protest against rash judgments formed upon imperfect and inaccurate premises, we have never intended to dispute the right exercised by others, or to decline the duty imposed upon ourselves as a fraction of the free press of England, to criticise the conduct of the Executive Government upon

just and sufficient grounds. In some instances, no doubt, it may be difficult to mark the limits where a wholesome censorship ends, and a factious opposition begins. Irrespectively, however, of any question as to the general policy of the Ministry of the day, we, at least, have thought that a cordial support was due to the men, whoever they might be, to whom, in a difficult and dangerous conjuncture, the fortunes of our country were confided. We have thought it right to defend them from unfounded censure, and to give a fair construction to the acts of the heads of departments, as well as to those of the subordinates employed in carrying out the details of public measures. We shall not, therefore, be suspected of faction if we claim the fullest right of examining the manner in which Ministers have fulfilled the trust in the performance of which all classes in the country have given them an ungrudging confidence.

The test by which the conduct of the Executive Government with reference to the mutiny will be judged is this:—Was everything done which could reasonably have been expected, in order to expedite the despatch of the reinforcements so anxiously awaited in India, and the news of whose arrival has been no less anxiously looked for in England? It is in no censorious spirit that we express our deliberate opinion that very heavy blame attaches to the Government for their want of alacrity and decision in performing this most urgent and paramount duty.

With respect to these reinforcements, there are two distinct questions—first, as to their numbers, and secondly, as to the manner of their despatch. With reference to the number of troops sent out, it is to be remembered that the whole force which the Government thought it necessary to place under orders for the East, on the arrival of the news of the mutiny of Meerut and the capture of Delhi, was 4000 men. It is true that altogether 14,000 men were under sailing orders on July 29th; but of these, 10,000 had been already destined to relieve and reinforce the ordinary Indian garrison before the arrival of the startling intelligence from the East. It appears, therefore, that 4000 was the whole additional complement which Ministers thought the gravity of the occasion demanded. In order that there may be no doubt on this point, we quote the words uttered by Lord GRANVILLE in the House of Lords, on June 27th:—"The noble Earl has asked me what reinforcements her MAJESTY'S Government intend to send to India in this crisis. I can answer in a few words. Before the arrival of the late news, 10,000 men, consisting of four regiments, and of reinforcements for European regiments, whether belonging to the QUEEN'S service or the Company's service, already in India—and since the arrival of that news, after communication with the Court of Directors, four more regiments—have been placed under orders to embark." It was not till more than a fortnight after this date that the Government seem to have been awakened to the seriousness of the danger, and to the necessity of larger and more decisive measures. It was not till July 13th (as will be seen by the Parliamentary reports) that Lord PALMERSTON had made up his mind to despatch any considerable body of additional troops. It seems to us, then, that very grave and well-founded blame attaches to the Ministry for their failure to appreciate the magnitude of the crisis; and it is clear that their under-estimate of the danger led to an unnecessary and mischievous delay in the forwarding of the reinforcements. Having committed the error of under-rating the gravity of the peril, the Government are further chargeable with culpable negligence in a matter calculated to exercise a still more serious influence on the fortunes of the campaign. It might have been expected that the news of which they were in possession on the 27th of June would have at least induced them to despatch the 14,000 men who were already under orders, but who had not yet quitted our shores, in the most expeditious manner. The mode in which these troops were actually conveyed, has already been matter of Parliamentary discussion; but now, when the result of the course adopted is known, it ought to form the subject of a searching Parliamentary investigation.

As early as July 6th, the attention of Ministers was called to the very obvious objections against sending troops, on such an emergency, in sailing vessels, when steamers were available. On that occasion, Lord PANMURE stated, with all official confidence, that the reinforcements were to be embarked in sailing vessels, because "they arrived at their destination as soon, if not sooner, than steam vessels." On July 10th, Captain VIVIAN having put a question to Mr. VERNON SMITH, the President of the Board of Control gave this pleasant reason for the arrangement he had adopted—that

"it had been thought better to send some of the troops in sailing vessels, in order to excite a rivalry between them and the steam vessels." This is much as though, when a country bank is on the point of breaking, its friends should despatch half the sovereigns which are to save it by express train, and half by the heavy waggon, in order to excite emulation in the breast of the waggoner. Then, on July 17th, rose Sir C. WOOD, with that graceful diffidence which is characteristic of the First Lord of the Admiralty, and stated that "it had been said that a good deal of injury had been done to the public service by sending our forces in sailing-vessels rather than in steam ships. This, however, was a mistake. Long voyages, at certain periods of the year, were accomplished quicker, or as quick, by sailing-vessels as by steam-vessels, and the particular case now under consideration was one of them." After this, our readers will be in a position to judge of the credit due to the extraordinary assertion of the *Times*, that "the QUEEN'S Government has not been primarily to blame in this affair," inasmuch as "the East India Directors have been the partisans of that method of marine locomotion which best accords with their antique traditions." Whatever may or may not have been the views of the East India Directors, it is certain, at least, that the "antique traditions" were unreservedly espoused and zealously defended by the QUEEN'S Government. The pretence that the responsibility rests, not with Ministers, but with the Directors, exceeds even the ordinary impudence of official apologists.

If it were not that we believe it beyond the power of notorious facts to shake Sir C. WOOD's faith in his own omniscience, we should think he might derive a wholesome lesson from the annexed table—which we extract from *Allen's Indian News*—showing the dates of the sailing of the various troop-ships from the 10th of June to the middle of August:—

	102 men	left England	June 10
Nile . . . . .	218	"	10
Amazon . . . . .	214	"	10
Arctia . . . . .	124	"	15
Barham . . . . .	219	"	1
Bucephalus . . . . .	217	"	1
Cressy . . . . .	218	"	8
Ellenborough . . . . .	288	"	8
Ulysses . . . . .	300	"	9
Prince Arthur . . . . .	250	"	11
Agamemnon . . . . .	339	"	11
Surrey . . . . .	222	"	15
Calabar . . . . .	207	"	17
Cambodia . . . . .	265	"	18
Sulley . . . . .	402	"	21
Alwick Castle . . . . .	210	"	22
William Hammond . . . . .	340	"	22
Merchantman . . . . .	377	"	24
Albion . . . . .	352	"	25
Monarch . . . . .	313	"	25
Blenheim . . . . .	231	"	25
Octavia . . . . .	360	"	25
Caledonia (S.S.) . . . . .	421	"	25
Robert Lowe (S.S.) . . . . .	340	"	28
Whirlwind . . . . .	198	"	29
Thetis (S.S.) . . . . .	402	"	30
Walner Castle . . . . .	432	"	31
Louisiana . . . . .	198	"	August 1
Carthage (S.S.) . . . . .	300	"	1
Scotland (S.S.) . . . . .	406	"	1
Defiance . . . . .	390	"	4
United Kingdom (S.S.) . . . . .	732	"	4
Lady Jocelyn (S.S.) . . . . .	901	"	4
Golden Fleece (S.S.) . . . . .	251	"	4
Forerunner . . . . .	360	"	4
Warrior Queen . . . . .	390	"	5
John Bell (S.S.) . . . . .	995	"	5
James Baines . . . . .	997	"	6
Champion of the Seas . . . . .	348	"	7
Sussex . . . . .	462	"	7
Liverpool . . . . .	402	"	7
Tyburnia . . . . .	400	"	8
Genghis Khan . . . . .	288	"	10
Sydney (S.S.) . . . . .	408	"	13
Victoria (S.S.) . . . . .	290	"	13
Australia (S.S.) . . . . .	278	"	14
Ballarat . . . . .		"	14

From this table, it will be observed that, in the six weeks counting from July 1 to August 14, forty-four vessels left England, thirty-two of which were sailing-vessels, and twelve screw-steamers (as indicated by the letters S.S.). We have marked in Italics those which have arrived at Calcutta, or been heard of at Ceylon. It will be seen that out of the twelve screw-steamers which sailed between the above dates, eight vessels, or two-thirds of the whole number, have already been reported, while, of the thirty-two sailing-vessels, only four, or one-eighth, have been heard of; and of all the sailing-vessels which left England only one—the *Bucephalus*—had even approached Calcutta at the departure of the last mail. Moreover, the *Bucephalus*, starting on July 1st, was beaten by the *Golden Fleece*



(screw-steamer), which left England on August 4th. Indeed it will be seen that six out of the nine screw-steamer which left England between the 1st and the 14th of August have outstripped all the July sailing-ships, amounting to twenty-three, with the exception of four, and that, of these latter, only one had reached its destination when the last mail quitted Calcutta. These facts are amply sufficient to prove that the despatch of troops in July by sailing vessels was a gross and inexcusable blunder. Considering that almost all the screw steamers which left England in the first fortnight of August had arrived, or been reported, while hardly any of the July sailing-ships had even been heard of, it is easy to see how different would have been the position of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF in Calcutta at the beginning of October if the July troops had been despatched in steam vessels. The opinion of the authorities at Calcutta as to the method of conveyance adopted by the English Government, may be sufficiently judged by the following paragraph from the last telegraph:—"H.M.S. *Simoom* and *Mauritius* were there (at Galle) to receive troops from sailing vessels." It is quite plain that if the Government had acted with ordinary vigour and common sense when the news of the mutiny arrived in England at the end of June, Sir COLIN CAMPBELL, instead of waiting at the end of October for the transports which were only then beginning to arrive, might have had some six or seven thousand men landed and ready to march on Oude in the beginning of that month. A loss of three weeks sometimes changes the fortunes of a campaign, and certainly is a very great matter of censure on a Government.

The bold and ignorant statements of Lord PANMURE, backed up so well by Mr. VERNON SMITH and Sir C. WOOD, are excellent examples of the resource to which weak men are apt to resort in difficulties—viz., that of supplying the want of vigour in action by a superabundance of energy in assertion. The truth of the case is only too obvious. In July, the Government were not yet alive to the seriousness of the emergency, and they did not think it worth while to take the trouble of substituting steamers for sailing-vessels. And when they were called to account for their most unwise and unhappy choice, they chose to assert that sailing-vessels would make the quicker passage of the two. "This, however," if we may be permitted to borrow Sir C. Wood's courteous style, "was a mistake." How far Ministers really believed their own assertions, may be judged from the fact that, as the danger became more pressing, they began to employ screw-steamer almost exclusively. We repeat that this is a very serious matter, for which the Government are distinctly responsible, and into which it will be one of the first duties of Parliament strictly to inquire.

#### WHO IS TO PAY THE BILL?

WHEN our Indian Empire was in its infancy, and the Company was continually engaged in life-and-death struggles with the native Powers, the prevalent idea of our Eastern possessions was that they formed a veritable El Dorado, destined to enrich all who set foot upon them, and perhaps one day to pay a tribute to England which might bear a considerable proportion to the cost of our own Government and the taxation by which it was supplied. It is a curious contrast to these golden dreams that is now presented. After a century of fighting, we are masters of the whole peninsula; and now the question is, not as to the amount of tribute which this country may levy on the East, but whether it may not be necessary for England to bear the cost of suppressing an Indian mutiny. Necessity alone could give validity to such a claim, and we believe that no such necessity exists. Attempts have been made to represent the suppression of the revolt and the re-establishment of order as duties of the English rather than the Indian Government, and to set up a demand on behalf of India to be relieved from an expenditure which is said to be incurred in the interest of Britain. But there is really not a shadow of a pretence for saddling the highly taxed people of this country with the cost of preserving tranquillity in Hindostan. Such a claim might have been plausibly put forward on occasions when the revenues of India have been devoured by wars undertaken from motives of Imperial policy; and, indeed, such claims have, to some extent, been admitted. But the punishment of a horde of mutineers, and the restoration of the supremacy of the Indian Government over its own immediate subjects, are duties the burden of which falls

of right upon the country itself. The allegation that the present troubles are the consequences of a deliberate system of oppressive government, and that the governors, rather than the subjects, ought to be at the cost of repairing the mischief, is one of those reckless statements which scarcely deserve to be noticed. Errors, no doubt, there have been; but if anything is absolutely certain with respect to the system on which we have ruled our immense dependency, it is that our blunders have been rather in sacrificing the interests of the Government to the supposed rights of the inhabitants, than in any selfish oppression for the exclusive benefit of England.

The obligation to provide the means for restoring the tranquillity and prosperity which the Sepoy revolt has interrupted, is one that, on every moral and political ground, falls primarily on India itself. At the same time, the task of England is equally clear, and as yet there has been no backwardness in fulfilling it. Whatever aid the Government of India really requires to enable it to re-establish its authority effectually and speedily, must be given. No one ever doubted that England was as much bound to furnish troops for the chastisement of the rebels as if the disturbance had been in an English county. Only an English army could do what had to be done. Our soldiers were necessary to India, and they were sent without stint. The same principle must be followed in deciding on any request which may be made for pecuniary assistance. If the want of money should be found to cripple the energies of the Indian Government, money, as well as men, must be supplied from home. But it is one thing to strengthen the hands of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL, and another to relieve the population of India for ever from the consequences of the crimes of the native soldiery. Just that amount of assistance which may be absolutely necessary to give efficiency to the measures requisite for the complete suppression of the revolt, is the utmost that the people of England can be fairly expected to supply. It has not yet been proved that any aid at all is indispensable; but it is, we fear, only too probable that the finances of India will be unable, without some support, to surmount the difficulties directly and indirectly resulting from the rebellion. The actual plunder of the public treasuries, the impossibility of levying the revenue in many districts, and the disturbance of the regular course of agriculture by the raids of marauding rebels, must have seriously reduced the resources of the Indian Government at the moment when extraordinary expenses must be incurred. If it should be practicable to raise a sufficient amount by loan in India, there can be no occasion for appealing to the Home Government. Possibly a guarantee may facilitate the process; but if the money is not to be had on any terms in the East, there will be no alternative but to raise it here. But we are not disposed to take this impossibility for granted. The capitalists of India are well able to supply all the funds that the Government is likely to require. It is absurd to suppose that a country which, in the last few years, has drawn 30,000,000*l.* of bullion from Europe, and retained the greater part of it, is not able to subscribe for any loan which can be needed. Whether the natives will have confidence enough to respond to such a demand is the only question; but it may be fairly hoped that in another month or two the feeling on this point will have undergone a very favourable change. It may be necessary to give a high rate of interest; but in the present state of commercial affairs, a loan, even if raised in England, could not be got on very easy terms; nor do we see why the difficulties of this country should be increased for the sake of diminishing the future annual charge on the revenues of India. A real inability to obtain the necessary funds without having recourse to the London market, is the only circumstance which would justify the raising of a loan in England. As for giving assistance in any other shape, it seems to us quite out of the question.

Whatever doubts there may be as to the feasibility of raising an adequate loan in India, there can be no question that a moderate addition to a debt of about 50,000,000*l.* would not be an intolerable burden. It is true that the revenue of India is not capable of much immediate extension to meet extraordinary outlay. There is not, and cannot be, any engine like our Income tax in reserve for a sudden emergency. Neither is there the rapid annual growth of the ordinary sources of taxation which has been the great safeguard of our home finance. Still, there is a continual improvement in the receipts, although it has hitherto been neutralized by at least a propor-

tionate increase of expenditure. The normal state of the Indian Exchequer is a pretty close balancing of ordinary expenditure and income. When a war or an insurrection calls for increased outlay, it has, therefore, to be provided for by an addition to the debt. But there is no reason why a more satisfactory position should not be shortly attained. It is quite certain that the country, taken altogether, is not heavily taxed. With the exception of the salt and opium monopolies, almost the whole revenue consists of rent; and, without going into any calculation, it is palpable that a rental of 20,000,000, is not much for an estate as large as British India to pay. Taking all our territories into account, we doubt if the Government nets a twentieth part of the average rental per acre of an English estate. Of course, any approximation to a close comparison between England and the East would be absurd. Still it is difficult to suppose that the land can really be burdened to any serious extent by the Government impost. That, owing to inequalities of assessment and middle-man extortion, there are multitudes of ryots to whom the barest subsistence only is left, is true enough. But the working of the land revenue system, or rather systems, is better understood now than it was formerly; and the success of the improvements introduced in our recently acquired provinces proves that a very considerable increase of net income may be obtained consistently with a positive improvement in the condition of the actual cultivators. This may be a work of time; and the improvement of the revenue which will result from new works of irrigation is also a resource which it will take years to develop. But the capability of India to bear an increase to her debt, which, as yet, only amounts to about two years' income, depends on the future more than on the present extent of her resources. Various empirical schemes of Indian finance have been projected of late; but without relying on any legerdemain contrivances for raising money, it may be confidently stated that the gradual development of our Eastern rent-roll, by improved management and by reproductive works, will enable the country to support, without any English contribution, far heavier burdens than the mutiny threatens to entail upon it.

#### THE OXFORD MIDDLE-CLASS EXAMINATION SCHEME.

WE rejoice to see Oxford renewing her youth, and endeavouring again to extend her influence to those parts of the nation from which she has been long estranged by the narrowness of her system, her subserviency to the Tory party, and the lethargy of her close Colleges and her close government. We rejoice, also, to see an attempt made to remedy the defects of middle-class education; though this is not the first time that these defects have been noticed, or an attempt to remedy them made. But we own we have great misgivings as to the wisdom of the present scheme. We know the enthusiastic haste with which it was adopted; and we are not quite sure that its promoters are aware of the momentous, nay, vital character of the powers of the University to bestow titles of literary honour, which their plan employs so extensively and in so novel a manner.

This country, happily for itself, calls upon all who can afford it, and who are to take a certain rank in society, to go through a long general education; and to this requirement we certainly in part owe it that our governing classes are, and have proved themselves on the whole to be, much wiser, more high-minded, and more liberal than those of other nations. The pecuniary sacrifice which is incurred in going through this long general education, is made up ultimately to those who incur it by increased intellectual powers and enjoyments; but its immediate inducement and reward is the University degree, which carries with it certain social and professional advantages, and which gentlemen, and men in the higher grades of liberal professions, do not very willingly forego. Without the degree, and the social qualification it implies, it is extremely doubtful whether many people would undergo the expense and risk of a University education. The power of conferring degrees therefore is, in fact, the talisman upon which the educational position and influence of the Universities mainly depends. And the exclusiveness of Academical titles, as of all other titles, is their essence—given to the unqualified they become worthless to all. There need be no jealousy of this exclusiveness. We will venture to say it has never bred ill-feelings between man and man, whatever may be the case with exclusive titles of other kinds. All classes of the people get the benefit of the high

Academical training which is thus encouraged. It tends to give them all high-minded and disinterested rulers, a gentry conscious of the duties of property, tender and conscientious pastors, lawyers who are real ministers of justice, and physicians who are sympathizing friends.

Now this degree the University of Oxford is about, as it seems to us, to vulgarize to the greatest possible extent, by bestowing it, with a slight—and to the mass of our own people, and all foreigners, inappreciable—change of name, on all who can pass an examination not beyond the attainments of boys at a public school. So far as the requirements announced by the Delegacy are concerned, there is no reason why the upper form of any good grammar-school should not write "Associate in Arts of the University of Oxford," after their names in the school list. The authors of the plan probably think they will be allowed to confine the bestowal of these new titles within convenient limits of their own selection; but we very much doubt whether this will be the case if the titles should really prove valuable, and become objects of desire to a large class of the people. It must be remembered that Universities are public institutions, and that their honours and privileges are matters of political right and national concern; and we can imagine very awkward questions arising upon any attempt on the part of the University to withhold a public honour from any person statutorily qualified to receive it. Again, it is no doubt expected that these honours will be borne very meekly, and no difficulties are anticipated as to the future relations between this vast affiliated element and the members of the original institution; yet it seems to us that such difficulties may not improbably arise. Nor must it be assumed that no use will be made of the new titles but such as is made of the old ones in a jealous and fastidious society. We must look to see them flaunting over shop doors, and blazing in puffs; and the influence of the University will be extended much as the influence of the aristocracy would be extended by giving Garters where we now give medals, or creating an unlimited number of Dukes. We shall be told that the exact title of "Associate of Arts" is of no consequence, and that if it is dangerous it can be easily changed. To which we reply, in the first place, that public titles cannot be easily changed; and, in the second place, that whatever title is adopted, will be almost equally objectionable and deceptive. Whatever title is adopted, if it is not a nullity, must bestow an Academical character and qualification on persons who have never undergone a University training, and who have no connexion with the University whatever. The mass of extraneous business thrown upon the Oxford teachers who are to examine, in schoolboy subjects, all who choose, either at Oxford or elsewhere, is a secondary but a serious consideration.

If we wish to improve middle-class education, and place it under University influence, there is an obvious way of doing it, of which we have an example almost ready to our hands in such an institution as King Edward's School at Birmingham. Organize local education on a good footing, and place it under the management of superior men. Establish gradually in every large town, with the aid of such local endowments as may be available, a public school with two divisions, upper and lower, for the children of the professional and commercial classes respectively. Draft your promising boys, as far as you can, from the lower division into the upper; and help them from the upper to the University by exhibitions. Let all be under the general superintendence of the head-master of the upper or classical school, who, if the Universities hold their own, will in nine cases out of ten be a University man. We have now become conscious that to educate educators is one of the most important functions of the Universities. Add, if you will, and the local authorities consent (as consent they would), examiners from the Universities, and perhaps in time University visitation. Such a plan is not only practicable, but is already virtually in practice. Through its operation the Universities may be what it is most desirable, on political as well as on educational grounds, they should be—the real centres and directors of English education. They already exert a great amount of real influence, which ought not to be overlooked, by furnishing masters and examiners of schools. But we cannot see that the Universities will increase their genuine authority, or improve their position in the country, by scattering broadcast half-counterfeits of their degrees among people who do not fall within their proper sphere of duty, and enabling every ambitious tinner to make a goose of him-



self, and excite the jealousy of his neighbours, by writing over his shop "Associate in Arts of the University of Oxford."

We have all our different callings, equally honourable in the eyes of sensible men, as they are before our Maker; and when one man's calling is commercial and another's literary, no real dignity is added to the former by making believe that both are members of the same literary corporation. For the sake of all classes, and principally for the sake of the lowest, who are most dependent on the character and conduct of the highest, the Universities must keep up their standard; and to keep up their standard they must jealously preserve the purity of their degrees. Any momentary influence gained by uttering Brummagem titles, and ranging irregularly over the country for people to confer them on, will in the end be so much dead loss. Genuine power is not obtained by such means. This is not the first chimera of sudden University extension which has arisen out of the hopes—perfectly well-founded hopes, if people will have a little patience—excited by the late movement of University Reform. It recommends itself as capable of being brought immediately into operation, and as turning the flank of class difficulties instead of overcoming them. We prefer to overcome them, confident of a solid though distant result. We are sorry to doubt the wisdom of a generous scheme; but we cannot help doubting it, and we must frankly express our doubt. We are glad to see that Cambridge is disposed to look before she leaps after her sister.

#### PASSPORTS.

THE controversy between the *Times* and the *Constitutionnel* on the subject of passports is one which can hardly lead to any conclusion. A nation which likes, or which, at any rate, contentedly endures the system, can have so little in common with ourselves that it is impossible to argue the question. To find a person seriously writing in its favour, is like finding an enthusiastic advocate of rheumatism or toothache. The whole business is so absurd in theory, and so monstrous in practice, that we find a difficulty in understanding how it ever came to exist at all. Let us see what it amounts to, as it presents itself, at least, to the normal English tourist. Any person who has, or whose friend has, an account with a banker—or any one whatever who can penetrate to the august presence of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh—gets a piece of paper for 7s. 6d., setting forth that Lord Clarendon requests and requires all whom it may concern to give him any assistance in his travels of which he may stand in need. If this inestimable document is for any reason not to be had, any one who pleases may walk into the Consular office at any French seaport, where, in consideration of a certain number of francs, he will not only get equally influential requests and requisitions, but will be gratified by the information that his hair is *châtain*, his forehead *moyen*, and his eyes, chin, nose, mouth, and *signes particuliers* are all *idem*. We most firmly believe that the lady or gentleman who packed up the Waterloo Bridge carpet-bag would have no more difficulty in obtaining these valuable testimonials than the most unexceptionable clergyman of the Church of England, travelling for pleasure with his wife, his daughters, his sermons, and white neckcloths.

The most curious thing about passports is the use which is made of them. They certainly do appear to afford extreme satisfaction to the whole tribe of gendarmes, and to that peculiar race of snuffy clerks who seem to have no other pleasure in life than that of scrawling illegible hieroglyphics in blue ink, and then dirtying them with green saw-dust. They are also not inconvenient when you want your letters at the Post-office; but on almost every other occasion their exhibition is purely vexatious. What, for example, is to be made of such a scene as this:—A diligence enters France from Switzerland, laden with dusty, hungry passengers, who, in the ordinary course of affairs, would just have time to dine in peace before continuing their journey by railroad. But, before they can do so, they are forced to wait like so many sheep in a pen, in an office some six or seven feet square, under the custody of a stern gendarme, whilst a little man—meek, dirty, and conscientious—chronicles, for the information of posterity, their names, their professions, the dates of their passports, the authorities by whom they were granted, the date of the last *visa*, the places whence they came, and whither they are going, and, for aught we know to the contrary, much more of an equally edifying character. The little man's function is merely mechanical. He has, apparently, no Index Expurgatorius to refer to; and, for what he and the gendarme can tell to the contrary, they may be passing into France a whole coach-load of Revolutionists, smugglers, robbers, and murderers. It is all one to them. They may, in Lord Kenyon's words, lay their heads on their pillows, exclaiming *aut Caesar aut nullus*, with the consciousness of having performed the duties of good citizens, and of having made an imperishable record of the fact that Mr. John Taylor, by profession a *rentier*, received a passport from Lord Clarendon in August, 1857—that it was *visé* at Berne in the September of that year—and that its fortunate possessor entered France at Scyssel, in the same month, going from Geneva to

Paris. It is impossible to conceive that such records should be of the slightest use for any purpose in this world—perhaps it is supposed that they will be edited by German Professors in the next.

The unreasonableness of the proceeding is perfectly wonderful. Why should such a register be kept at one place more than another? Why not chronicle the persons passing through the Place Vendôme? It would give much more trouble, and cause a great deal more writing, and it is impossible to say that the mere fact that a man crosses the frontier throws more light on his character or intentions than the fact that he walks along the streets. The Jack-in-office insolence which it fosters is, we suppose, the great recommendation of the system. One day last autumn, as many as eighty or ninety persons of various nations were kept waiting in a wretched shed at Dieppe till within a couple of minutes of the sailing of the Newhaven packet; in order to get their *permis d'embarquement*, although, by the regulations of French ports, the important person who delivers these precious scraps of paper, in consideration of two sous each, ought to have been there an hour before. Of course there was no remedy for this shabby rudeness. Toll-keepers in other countries may soon be made to know their places; but the man who keeps the turnpike which lets people out of France is a public functionary in the discharge of his duty, protected by the most stringent penalties from anything like a rough word, and subject only to his own official superiors. The absurdity of the whole thing was put in the strongest light by the haste with which the *permis* were given after all. There was no attempt to examine the passports. The passenger laid down his penny, the all-important clerk scrawled on a printed form some faint imitation of the name—as often as not only the Christian name—of his *administré*, smeared it as usual with some unclean dust, and the thing was over. It is impossible not to feel that the whole system is kept up merely for the sake of patronage. It gratifies the passion which the French feel for Government employment, and enables the central power to extend the sphere of its influence.

It is very difficult for an Englishman, even if he is not altogether unused to legal inquiries, to find out what are the French rules about passports. They are not mentioned in the codes, except, indeed, in the article of the *Code Pénal* which provides a penalty for those who forge them; nor have we been able to find any clear account of their nature in M. Gustave Dufour's elaborate work on the *Droit Administratif*. He incidentally remarks that the power of granting them belongs to the préfets, and that in Paris the Préfet of Police has very extensive powers in respect of them. It appears, for example, that the law of 12th Messidor, An. VIII., is still in force, which provided that every Parisian of twenty-one years of age should have a *carte de sûreté*, in default of which he may be summarily sent to prison; and this power is still frequently exercised over the poor, though it has fallen into disuse with respect to the rich. M. Dufour admits that in effect it is equivalent to the old power on the part of the Government to issue *lettres de cachet*; but he quotes with pride—which, if his authority is correct, is perfectly justifiable—M. Macarel's boast that, during all the years that this power has existed, it "has never been abused." It would also appear that even for a Frenchman a *permis de séjour* in Paris is necessary, and that he is liable to all sorts of vexations for want of it. It must also be remembered above all that whatever oppressions the agents of the Central Government may commit in the discharge of their functions—though they may prevent you from passing, detain you, watch you, imprison or insult you—any remedy against them is matter of favour, and not of right. It is only by the consent of their official superiors that actions can be brought against such persons. But for this, says M. Dufour, with a Blackstonian enthusiasm, "the Courts of Justice would tyrannize over the Administration." It is particularly necessary to bear these facts in mind, because an attempt has been made to show that we have a passport system in England. Now it is undoubtedly a lamentable truth that a very foolish and utterly ineffectual enactment—the 6 & 7 Will. IV. ch. 11, s. 3—does provide that any alien who enters this country shall, on his landing, inform the principal officer of Customs of his name and country, and show him "any passport which he may have;" and that, if he neglects or refuses to do so, he may be fined 40s., or in default of payment be committed to prison for any time not exceeding one month. It must however be observed that, in the first place, this enactment applies only to foreigners, and was intended merely to register the number of those who might enter the country. It has, therefore, no analogy to a system which applies to natives no less—and, according to a recent correspondent of the *Times*, much more—stringently than to foreigners. In the next place, it does not compel a man to possess a passport. He need not have one at all—if he has, it need not be *visé*. Moreover, it imposes a simple definite penalty, to be enforced by the ordinary course of law, and does not in any way subject a defaulter to official superintendence. All the Custom-house officers in the country cannot prevent any foreigner from landing, or from going where he pleases. They can only proceed against him for a penalty which no one can prevent him from incurring. Any one who knows what English procedure is, knows that this penalty could never be enforced. A Frenchman, we will suppose, lands at Folkestone, and—as they almost all do—goes straight up to town, without caring a straw for the registration or the 40s. fine. He has undoubtedly incurred the penalty; but how is it to be got? The Act gives no power to

apprehend those who break it, so that before proceedings can be taken the offender must be served with a summons. No one can force him to give his name or address, and we leave it to our readers to imagine the feelings of the summoning officer of the Folkestone bench at having to serve the document in question on a man of whom he has no means of knowing anything at all, except that a day or two before he landed from the Boulogne boat. He may be in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, or *en route* to New York, and how is the indispensable salt to be put on the tail of such a very unencumbered bird? Suppose, however, that the delinquent is brought before their worships, how is his crime to be proved. They cannot ask him a single question. They have to prove their case, and how can they show him to be a foreigner? He is not forced to criminate himself. It will not do to prove that he wears hair on his face, or that on his passage he was awfully sea-sick, and on his landing very polite. Legally, his speech will not bewray him. He may possibly be a Jerseyman, or a French Canadian, or a native of the Mauritius; and the merciful maxim of our law being that it is better for ten guilty men to escape than for one innocent one to suffer, all these possibilities must be disproved before he can be convicted. Indeed, we are not prepared to say that any evidence would be sufficient to convict him, unless some one in court had seen him born, and had seen his father and mother born also, for if either of them were English people, he might, as far as our law goes, be an Englishman. The fact is that the law never could be, and never was meant to be executed. Why it exists is more than we can say. It is a foolish and offensive piece of pedantry, and ought no doubt to be repealed; but it is quite absurd to compare such a very harmless King Log with the very vivacious and extremely offensive King Stork with whom most of us are unhappily familiar.

#### MR. ALBERT SMITH.

THE religious public never had a greater piece of luck than when Mr. Albert Smith started his Mont Blanc. It was as good as a play, and it wasn't wicked. There was the same fun, the same ridicule thrown over men and things, the same merriment—all the more hearty because its source was a rather dubious one, and yet it was not the least worldly to go and enjoy it. The elevated platform from which Mr. Smith addresses his audience was not a stage, and as he merely mimics the voices of his characters, interspersing remarks in his own tone, his hearers escaped the profanity of listening to a dialogue. Then there are no lady performers in the Egyptian Hall, and a virtuous audience is not shocked by the presence of people whom pious circles firmly believe to be, without an exception, irretrievably wicked. So Mr. Albert Smith flourishes, and the best and straightest go and laugh over his performance. In this way he is acting as a great means of education to a few of his countrymen and a great many of his countrywomen. He is insensibly breaking down the barrier which they have erected between the religious and the irreligious. He is convincing them how much they have in common with the sad, naughty, delightful world, from which they have decided to separate themselves, how heartily they sympathize with the stir and bustle of its gaiety, and how irresistible everything is that is really human. And yet if a hundred proofs had not sufficed to show how conventional are most standards of right and wrong, it would be a little surprising that the performance should be enjoyed without measure and without compunction. It is curious, when we remember all that has been said and written about the Sabbath, to hear a whole audience shout with laughter at the story of the foreigner who complained that he had found the English Sundays *diablement tristes*. We presume that the expression is as right in English as in French. Our Sundays are "devilish dull"—that is the joke. Let the good people who hear it and rapturously applaud it, be thankful that they are not as other men are who go to plays. Then again the clergy are not exhibited in a very pleasant light. They are shown in the aspect in which they display themselves to men of the world, not in that in which they are viewed by a doting congregation. In the new performance, for instance, which Mr. Smith began last Monday, there is a character introduced, the Reverend Septimus Blandy, who is a fool, but "really a good fellow." "Young curates," said Mr. Smith, "are good fellows at bottom." To paraphrase the sentiment, we may suppose Mr. Smith to say, "My audience, I can see by their encouraging smiles, agree with me in despising the upper coating of devotional language, ecclesiastical fancies, and strong opinions which young curates ordinarily wear; but I think they are not so bad as they seem, and if you look beneath you will find that they have as much good nature as the sillier sort of laymen." There is much truth in this, but we may wonder that it should raise no scruples in the breasts of those who fear to mix with the world. However, as a matter of fact, the performance is accepted as unimpeachable, and we are heartily glad that it is. Mr. Smith is doing a very useful work.

Mr. Smith has received so much praise that he must be tired of hearing that he is amusing, clever, and entertaining. But we must not let the opportunity pass of alluding to the keenness of observation, to the versatility of mind, and the easy good-humour which he constantly displays. In his well-known "Engineer's Story," there is more than cleverness—there is genuine humour. He has caught one side of the true traveller's character, that of a cheerful alacrity, a spirit of hearty good-fellow-

ship, and a relish for small amusements. What he has seen and felt, he represents with great facility, and a sound judgment. People go to him to be amused, and he gives them an amusement than which nothing in London is more amusing. But at the same time it ought to be observed that he does not rise above the standard of our ordinary amusements. He is as good as a play, if by a play we mean the plays to be seen in English theatres of the present day. In their own way, these plays are often excellent, and there are comic actors in England who rise high even when tested by a European scale. But the sense of art, the sense of something which elevates and absorbs, at the same time that it fascinates and relieves the mind, is quite gone from English amusements of every kind. It is a great part of Mr. Smith's fun to lower everything, to laugh at romances, to explode fables, to expose humbugs, to take the jocularly sensible view of every subject. His mammas all want to foist their daughters on rich simpletons—his young ladies all want to show their ankles—his men are all snobs unable to speak a word of French—his priests all wish a pretty girl to sit by their side. Such people exist—there is no departure from the truths of real life. Any one who examines the world may see plenty of scheming mothers, vain daughters, ignorant youths, and sensual priests. The picture is not inaccurate, but it is paltry. Any amusement which consists exclusively in deriding the pettier foibles of mankind is lowering, and a nation which never goes beyond such amusements must not congratulate itself too hastily.

Mr. Smith pleases the public, because he represents ordinary Englishmen so well, and falls in with so many of their opinions. He swims strongly, but it is with the tide. At the close of his performance he gives a summary of current politics, in a very laughable song, supposed to embody the contents of *Galignani's Messenger*. His politics are the popular politics, and are drawn straight from the *Times* and *Punch*. He informs us that the East India Directors are a lot of old women, with Mrs. Gamp at their head; that as to Reform, "Pam" will put a flower in his mouth and do as he pleases about that and everything else, and that the only "clause" wanted is the claws of the British Lion, which will rend the Bengal Tiger. Then Mr. Smith sticks up for his cloth, and the English public like a man who honestly proclaims himself to be what he is. He tells stories of "poor Jerrold." He informs us that he is no scholar, and takes credit for not knowing the learned languages. He says of himself that he "goes into private society—it is dreadfully dull, but he goes." He does not affect a great position, because he has struck out a very successful and lucrative amusement. If he plumes himself upon anything it is upon his making his way abroad, on his good humour, on his power of fraternizing with the "Mussoos." The claim to qualities like these, evidently well founded, conciliates the audience. No one can listen to him without feeling sure that, like his curate, he is a very good fellow. On the other hand, he reflects the British taste for grand people. "There are ten dogs of the St. Bernard breed coming over soon," he tells us—"eight for me, and two for the Prince of Wales." Put all these things together—popular politics in their most grotesquely popular form, frankness as to his own pretensions, and a discreet conjunction of the Egyptian Hall and Buckingham Palace—and no one can deny that Mr. Smith knows how to find his way to the hearts of an English audience.

Probably, also, his audience enjoy the depreciation of themselves and their friends implied in every travelling Englishman being represented as a snob, just as they enjoy the most extravagant depreciation of English Government and English armies. But a great part of the amusement which this picture affords is derived from the picture not being quite true. We know that our system of Government is in the main able and honest—that our armies almost invariably beat their enemies—and that there is much that is not snobbish in travelling Englishmen. The English do not always show themselves in a very favourable light abroad; but then it is a general taste among the English to like travelling. They have money for it, and they have courage for it. Consequently a much more mixed set of people leaves this country every year for the Continent, than moves from any one Continental nation to another. But if we are to judge of a nation by its worst specimens, can it be said that any travelling English are worse than the foreigners of Leicester-square? The ignorance of Englishmen is also much exaggerated. There are many more English people who can talk French than French people who can talk English; and if we take the class of persons who go to the higher sort of sights, with a wish to understand and appreciate them—who visit picture galleries or the great cities of Italy—we will venture to say that English visitors have an amount of serviceable knowledge of history, antiquities, art and literature, which the visitors of no other nation can in the least pretend to rival. It is good fun to hear of Mr. Smith's comical acquaintance, Mr. Brown, a distinguished University man, who introduces such recondite phrases as *magna comitante caterua* into his common conversation, and who has no other means of communicating to a French waiter his wish for mushrooms than by drawing on the wall the likeness of one, to which the waiter responds by bringing an umbrella. But it would be absurd if this were meant for anything but an extravagant caricature. If we sent ten men from the University of Paris to take a tour through Wales and the Lakes, and ten men from Oxford and Cambridge on a tour through Switzerland, we are confident that in all the requisites for good travellers,



courtesy, endurance, sociability, goodhumour, knowledge of the language of the country, and power of enjoying passing events, the latter would show themselves quite equal, and more than equal, to the former.

Every one who likes public evening amusements is so sure to go to Mr. Albert Smith, that we need scarcely give any account of the new version of what is still called the Ascent of Mont Blanc, though Mont Blanc has long ceased to form anything but a pictorial part of the performance. The second part is now devoted to an account of Mr. Smith's journey this year to Naples, and is very amusing. There are no new characters introduced of any importance, but the old ones are worked up into a new shape. Baby Simmons is learning the Latin grammar because his sister has married a schoolmaster, and the Engineer reappears with an interminable story about a partner who deceived him, and a wife who deserted him. The illustrative views are excellent, and, considering the smallness of the space to be operated on, the success with which the "Blue Grotto" and the eruption of Vesuvius are represented, is very remarkable. Mr. Smith thoroughly understands how important it is to have all the accessories of his performance as perfect as possible.

## MUSIC.

## AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE Amateur Musical Society gave a concert on Monday evening—a sort of antepast, or preliminary, to the regular season, which will commence next February. The Society has already numbered eleven seasons, and has assumed a position of some importance, and continues to hold its own in the face of numerous professional competitors. This may be partly owing to the zeal of amateurism, and the partiality of friends; but assuredly it implies no inconsiderable degree of efficiency in the players who thus venture to expose their performances, season after season, to the criticism even of so friendly a public as that which is usually assembled at the Hanover-square Rooms on these occasions.

On Monday evening the concert commenced with Beethoven's C major Symphony, which the Society has often played before, but which will still admit of some further refinement in execution. Mr. Leslie's overture, entitled the "Templar," was excellently played. That of Auber to *Zanetta* went less steadily. Mr. Waley's Pianoforte Concerto was played by Madame Roche, the daughter of Moscheles. The concerto is familiar to the Society, but it will bear repetition. It abounds in agreeably melodious passages, worked out with musicianly skill. The slow movement is particularly effective, and contains some charming accompaniments for the wind instruments. We feel particularly indebted to a Society which is the means of bringing forward meritorious works of a class like this. The vocal selections were not very ambitious; but "Voi che sapete," and the old canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair," can never fail to find welcome; and both were on this occasion tastefully sung.

## ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

UNDER the somewhat affected title of "Eruditio Musica," a series of vocal and instrumental soirées has been commenced at St. Martin's Hall, of which the proposed object is to produce a number of compositions which have rarely or never been performed in this country. Judging from the specimen we heard on Wednesday evening, these soirées may be safely recommended to the amateur in search of novelties of a classical character. The programme was, if anything, a little too abundant, comprehending two stringed quartets—one of Mozart, and one of Beethoven—a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Mayseder, and a quintet by Onslow, a violin fantasia, and a couple of Chopin's Etudes; besides sundry vocal pieces by the Orpheus Glee Union, a nondescript fantasia for voices and instruments by Hummel, and a duet for voice and violin by J. Arlot.

The quartets—Mozart's in G, No. 7, and Beethoven's in A, op. 34—were executed by Messrs. Zerbini, A. Gravenstein, A. Stehling, and W. F. Reed. Mr. A. Gravenstein exhibited in the violin fantasia some extraordinary feats of bowing, which rendered tolerable a composition not in itself very attractive, though based on reminiscences and snatches of Haydn. Mayseder's trio was very acceptable. Without any great depth or novelty of idea, nothing can be more masterly than the way in which this piece is put together. It is throughout broad, flowing, intelligible, and, without surprising, never wears the ear. Hummel's fantasia, "La Sentinelle," must have been written for the amusement of some little musical circle of limited resources. The components are—pianoforte, violin, guitar, violoncello, and contrabasso, and a tenor solo voice, with occasional choral accompaniment. The instruments commence a descriptive introduction, intended apparently to suggest the position of a sentinel on duty in a beleaguered camp. The song which follows is cognate with Lindpainter's well-known "Standard-bearer," both in words and melody. After the first stanza the instruments take up the air, and vary the subject in rather a singular way. Again comes in the song, and again the instruments indulge in a wild commentary upon the emotions of the sentinel. At last, notes are heard indicative of an attack, a repulse, a victory, and the sentinel's dying strains are breathed musically forth at a distance—

the singer having suddenly retired into an adjacent room to produce this surprise upon the audience. The gentlemen of the Orpheus Glee Union did their part to perfection. One of their number is the fortunate possessor of a beautiful alto voice, which he knows perfectly how to manage. Hatton's part-song, "Evening," was given with charming effect.

## ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

RICCI'S *Il Birraio di Prestori* was produced at this theatre on Tuesday night, and met with unequivocal success. We congratulate Signor Ronzani on the accession to his company of so efficient a *prima donna* as Signora Dottini. She has a good voice, a graceful and pretty person, and sings with taste, spirit, and precision. Signora Tamburini and Signor Raffaelli are valuable additions to the *troupe*, whose success, if it depends on merit, deserves to be complete.

## REVIEWS.

## SAINT ANSELM OF CANTERBURY.\*

UPON the breaking up of the Roman Empire, the external relations of the Church and State to each other became very different in the East and in the West. In the East, the Church has always remained subject to the State, and the highest ecclesiastical officers have been no other than magistrates, exercising their functions under the authorization of a supreme civil power. In the West, the spiritual character of the Church became more developed, and there was beheld the example of a bishop sitting in the very metropolis of the ancient Empire, where there appeared no immediate sovereign to claim the supremacy over him. Theoretically, indeed, this supremacy may be said to have belonged all along to those who succeeded from time to time to the Imperial prerogatives. But, however this may have been with respect to Italy and the Empire, it is certain that, as the other nations of Europe began to organize themselves into their modern forms, there grew up everywhere a spiritual authority side by side with the civil power. In this country, civil society owed even the rudiments of its constitution to the Christian Church. Hence the Church in England, during the Anglo-Saxon period, was more independent than in any other nation in Europe. It was characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon institutions, that all rights did not expressly issue from one sole centre, nor rest upon one and the same foundation. The kingdom itself was not a development, but an aggregate. The bishop was on the same footing as the earl. And if the Sovereign was supreme over the one and the other, he was so as invested with a twofold character and office. He bore two sceptres—one as king, one as vicar of Christ. No doubt, in process of time, even had the Saxon kingdom endured, a conflict would have arisen between the ecclesiastical and civil authorities, when the Roman ecclesiastical monarchy had subordinated to itself the national Church, and engaged it in support of its own ambitions. Yet the conflict, as it did subsequently arise between the temporal and spiritual powers, was somewhat precipitated, and took its particular shape and its peculiar complications here, as well as elsewhere in Europe, from the development of the feudal principle. For when churches became endowed, they could only be endowed according to the tenure of property intelligible in each age and country. Under the feudal system, ecclesiastics could only receive grants of lands and manors as subject to a superior lord. The stricter feudal forms were introduced into England by William the Conqueror, and the effects of their application to ecclesiastical tenures soon began to appear. He was little likely, with the sword in his hand, to brook any opposition, and little likely to encounter it from bishops who were content at his nomination to intrude themselves into the Saxon Sees. Lanfranc had experienced, while Prior of Bee, that William was not a person to be directly thwarted by an ecclesiastic in his own dominions; and William had some feeling of kindness towards Lanfranc, for he had received effectual service from him at Rome in the affair of his marriage with his cousin Maud. William, though rapacious, had a rude sense of justice, and was not capricious—Lanfranc was capable of taking the measure of the King's humour, and withstood it, or gave way to it, or modified it, as policy required. His influence was great at Rome with Alexander II., who had studied under him at Bee, as well as with Hildebrand, then Archdeacon of Rome—his fame was universal as the successful antagonist of Berenger, and he was profoundly versed in the Canon Law. The second William was more avaricious, more prodigal, more passionate, and more cruel than his father. His aims were not so high, and his selfishness more deeply ingrained. He soon began to put in practice, as a means of replenishing his exchequer, the method of suspending the filling up of vacant Sees, in order the meanwhile to appropriate their revenues to his own use. This was followed by the suppression of monasteries and the confiscation of their property. But even Rufus observed some moderation in

\* *Saint Anselme de Cantorbéry: Tableau de la Vie Monastique, et de la Lutte du Pouvoir Spirituel avec le Pouvoir Temporel au Onzième Siècle.* Par M. Charles de Rémusat, de l'Académie Française. Paris, 1857.

his robberies, if one may so say, during the lifetime of Lanfranc, who had instructed him in his youth, and from whom he had received his spurs. On his death, the Archbishopric was kept vacant for the profit of the King during four years. At the end of that time, the instances of both laity and clergy offended by the long-continued scandal prevailed on the King, then on a bed of sickness, to fill the chair which had once been occupied by Augustine. Anselm, who had been Lanfranc's successor at Bec, was reluctantly persuaded to succeed him in a less tranquil dignity. He stipulated for the restoration to the archbishopric of all the rights which had belonged to it at the death of Lanfranc; and it is said that he also stipulated for the liberty to acknowledge Urban II. as Pope, instead of his rival, Clement III., the King's Pope. He did homage for his domains, as his predecessor had done, and he was certainly not a man to disturb a kingdom and church from pride or haughtiness, from irritability of temper, or from personal ambition. M. de Rémusat estimates the character of this prelate favourably but fairly. He is Roman Catholic, but of the old Gallican, and not the Ultramontane type, and he can appreciate the moral difficulties of an ecclesiastic honest but not heroic, conscientious but not far-sighted, during the struggle between the civil and spiritual authorities in the twelfth century.

Had England remained as much isolated from the rest of Christendom as it had been during the Anglo-Saxon period—had its Archbishop of Canterbury been indeed what the Pope Urban II. called Anselm, with a delicate flattery, *alterius orbis Papa*—its king and its metropolitan might have been able to settle the relation between the temporal and spiritual powers without any grievous conflict. But on the accession of the Norman dynasty, if the feudal principle which tended to subjugate the ecclesiastical element, became more stringent, the connexion thenceforward opened up between Rome and the English churchmen introduced a strong counterbalancing influence. Circumstances conspired to make this connexion intimate. Lanfranc was an Italian, native of Pavia, and Anselm was born on the confines of Italy, in the city of Aosta. By a singular coincidence, the one followed the footsteps of the other through Burgundy and France to the schools of Avranches; both took their monastic vows in the Convent of Bec; both became priors and afterwards abbots of that convent, which under them rose to the highest reputation, its monks being elevated to abbeys, bishoprics, and even to the papal chair. We are continually surprised at the frequency and apparent facility of journeys to Rome in those days. *Tout chemin mène à Rome* was literally and proverbially true. Anselm was always received there with the highest respect.

Anselm was not equal to Lanfranc in management and political ability—he was more of the monk, and of greater singleness of purpose. At times he may have shown some want of dignity, but he never exhibited haughtiness or high temper. He was actuated by his views of duty, or rather by his readiness to adopt such course of conduct as should prove to be his duty. He was one of those, of whom we meet with frequent examples in the middle ages, evidently born to the ecclesiastical life—manifestly destined to it *e canabulis*. Many were forced into it, or entrapped into it, or sought refuge in it from some deep sorrow, or were surprised into it by some startling event—by some mortal fear—by some apparently providential interference. Thus Lanfranc became a candidate for the vows when he had been alarmed for his life by the robbers who stripped him, and left him by night bound to a tree, in the forest near Rouen. Anselm had been piously taught by his mother, Ermengarda; and the religious sentiment which is so often, if only transiently, felt in the youthful soul before the real trials of life have begun, was so strong in him, that while yet a boy he sought to devote himself to the monastic life. The abbot of the monastery where he offered himself rightly refused to receive him without the express authorization of his parents. Afterwards he was for a while blown about by some gusts of youthful irregularities, but the tree grew ultimately according to its earliest bent. There is abundant evidence that his devotion to the conventual life and to his studies was sincere. He took the vows at Bec, at the age of twenty-seven.

The simplicity and humility of Anselm's character did not facilitate the solution of the questions which arose between him and the English kings. He was always ready to confer, to suspend, to refer to a higher authority—he did not resent personal affronts, or seek for personal victories. M. de Rémusat has not succeeded in throwing many picturesque lights upon the series of contests with the temporal power which rendered Anselm's life so restless and disturbed. It was not easy to do so. He has done better in giving a just estimate of his conduct, measuring it in reference to the ecclesiastical standard of those days, not by the standard of the collective European experience from that time to the present. In estimating both the virtues and vices of the ecclesiastics of the middle ages, account ought in fairness to be taken of the virtues and vices of those by whom they were opposed. The lettered and philosophic Anselm must have felt himself intrinsically a superior man to the strong-handed Conqueror—to the rapacious and headstrong Rufus—even to the specious and wily Henry. If he struggled for the ancient possessions and privileges of his See, it was against the tyranny and greediness of men who could wield the sword, but not write their names. If ecclesiastics of old were too often simoniacal, kings and dukes were as frequently their seducers

and corruptors. Clerks were greedy—laymen were both greedy and sacrilegious.

The temporal power in the days of Anselm was not clothed with the moral attributes of temporal power in modern times, and the injustice which has often been done to the ecclesiastical order in reviewing its contests with it has consisted not so much in aggravating the vices of the ecclesiastics as in suppressing those of their antagonists. Anselm and many others of his order were honestly persuaded that the cause of true religion, of moral goodness, of social security and peace, was bound up with the cause of the Church—with its power and its discipline. For the sake of its power and privileges its noblest and most virtuous prelates contended with kings, and for the sake of its purity, as they understood it, they straitened its discipline upon refractory clerks. A part of this discipline consisted in enforcing celibacy upon the secular clergy. The condition of celibacy was traditionally the most holy state—it was most effectual towards keeping the clerical order an order to itself. A true celibacy was the opposite of vices into which the clergy, as well as others, were too prone to fall, and it was not understood that the attempt forcibly to suppress the human passions and affections is like building a wall of masonry across the course of an avalanche. Anselm's memory has been regarded with some abhorrence in this country by reason of the compulsion which he exercised in this respect upon a reluctant clergy. Nevertheless, he erred in his minor, not in his major premises—in the rule which he carried out, not in the principle upon which he acted.

Anselm was no persecutor, and the cause of civil liberty was in those days usually felt to be allied with the cause of the Church. At times, when royal threats and royal corruption caused Anselm to be deserted by all his suffragans, the barons rallied round him, feeling that he was contending for rights as against power. Prelates like Anselm and à Beckett were popular. The Church was popular as an institution, when those who had the usufruct of its property did not disgrace themselves as spiritual persons, because it was a truly national institution. The people derived benefits from the holders of that property, and no benefits, but only oppression, from the holders of any other. They were benefits which might indeed be appreciated as such only by a superstitious feeling, like indulgences, or by a mean and base greediness, as with the receivers of doles; and yet, proportionately to the moral standards of that age, they were benefits. The Church was also a moral power, which at times wielded its spiritual arms with success in defence of the oppressed, and for the humiliation of the oppressor. Moreover, as an institution, it was the only means whereby men of low estate by birth could rise to the highest functions, and to a condition equivalent to that of the nobly born. By means of the "dead hand," the use of property was often distributed relatively to some kind of merit; and, nearly or remotely, all families in the nation, low as well as high, had an interest in the ecclesiastical endowments. Truly, in the end, self-seeking was fatal to this popular character of the Church as an institution, as it may be, in any day, to any institution. The vices of the English unreformed church culminated in a Wolsey; but we must not therefore suppose that Anselm was a Wolsey.

The contest concerning Investitures has often been amply illustrated. It is not necessary here even to follow our present author in his *résumé* of that subject, nor to trace the life of Anselm to the time of his compromise with Henry. Only it may be remarked that that settlement had little or no effect on the ultimate relations between Church and State. These have been determined by the movement of political society itself, by the growing manifestation in civil government of the higher moral attributes, by the superior adaptation of lay statesmen to practical and administrative life as compared with Churchmen. In modern times, the influence of the Church on civil life is better seen in the dissemination of moral principles than in the exercise of political functions. We ought not, on that account, to attribute the struggles of Anselm for the privileges of the Church to ambition or greed of gain. We may regret that he was drawn from the retirement of the studious cloister into the uncongenial climate of public life; but we must honour him, because, amidst all entanglements and provocations, he never swerved from truth, nor committed himself even by an angry word. Anselm died peaceably, surrounded by his ecclesiastics, on the Wednesday in Passion Week of the year 1109, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and sixteenth of his archbishopric. He was buried the following day in his cathedral, by the side of his predecessor.

The work of M. de Rémusat is divided into two parts—the former appropriated to the life of Anselm, the latter to the consideration of his doctrines and philosophy. In those portions of his history of Anselm which take in a great degree the form of annals, we have hinted at some occasional dryness; but in his estimate of the Archbishop's character, and in his general sketch of the conflict between the temporal and spiritual powers, M. de Rémusat leaves nothing to be desired for candour of treatment or expressiveness of style. When he touches upon dogmatic theology, which is little, he does not profess to be upon his strong point. The concluding chapters of the work are devoted to a review of Anselm's position as a philosopher. In this character, Anselm is one of the most striking personages in the historical gallery of the middle ages. He stands at the entrance of the scholastic period properly so called, and was the head



or forerunner of the Realists, as Roscelin, his contemporary and antagonist, was of the Nominalists. He was a Platonist, though it is not easy to discover whence he could have derived his Platonism. He did not know Greek, and his learning generally was but second hand. He was eminently possessed of that faculty which makes much out of little material, and supplements defective data by divining thought.

Only within the last generation or half century has anything like justice been done in modern Europe to the great thinkers of the mediæval period. Abroad, this unfairness was due to Voltairianism—in England, to an uninstructed and unreasoning Protestantism. Those thinkers were priests, and nothing morally good or intellectually great could be draped in a frock or carry a shaven crown. But the great questions which divided the philosophical schools of antiquity, and which divide modern metaphysicians, were debated also by monks. Monks of the present day, we fear, are not so well employed. Those were adroit and practised combatants—more adroit, it may be, than straightforward, because they fought not upon the open plain, but within lists. Anselm anticipated what is called the ontological argument of Des Cartes for the being of God—*Cogito Deum, ergo Deus est*. The great scholastics, almost *uno ore*, disallow its validity. Albertus, Aquinas, Duns Scotus, Ockham, even Gerson, considered the being of God not demonstrable *à priori*. Whatever form the ontological argument is thrown into, it involves, as a syllogism, a *petitio principii*, or an ambiguous middle term. Thus—whatever is an object of thought exists; God is an object of thought; therefore, &c. Here is an ambiguous middle. In a sense, the Elysian fields, or *Nephelococcygia*, are objects of thought. If the term "object of thought" includes already the real existence of that which is thought, then there is a *petitio principii*. Sometimes the argument takes another shape:—God is perfect; whatever is perfect exists; therefore, &c. This is no other than to say, God is a perfect existence; whatever is a perfect existence is an existence; therefore, &c., where there is again a glaring begging of the question.

Let us turn the problem into a more modern form. It shall be granted that existence is necessary to our conception of God—that existence is involved in the content of that conception; but God is not thereby "posited" as a subject. The actuality of the subject must be given, before either an analytical or synthetical predicate can be coupled to it, as actual. Moreover, existence is only an analytical predicate of God. So far it appears true to say, existence is implied in the thought of God. But the question remains unsolved, whence is that thought derived, and what guarantee is there for a reality corresponding to it. Anselm did not feel the whole of the metaphysical difficulty; for though he set himself to demonstrate the being of God *à priori*, God as actual, as a real object of thought, was posited to him by faith; *fides quærebat intellectum*—it set the question, enunciated the proposition, constructed the diagram. Anselm had no intention of basing faith upon intellect, and the shrewdness of the scholastics, who suspected his argument, is therefore the more admirable, for it contains within it a germ of Pantheism. Its validity, if it has any, ultimately depends upon the identity, or at least the co-extensiveness of being and thought.

M. de Rémusat, in his concluding chapter, reviews the opposite criticisms of Kant and Hegel upon the Anselmo-Cartesian argument; and he undertakes to supplement that which is defective in it—at once obtaining a proof, through the consciousness, of the existence of a Perfect Being, and avoiding the "opening of any door to Pantheism." The proof which he sketches out is founded upon a Platonic, and not an Hegelian, doctrine of ideas. The imperfect in any kind suggests the perfect, as, for instance, in geometrical figures. So likewise in goodness, and in excellence generally, the relatively perfect quickens the idea of the absolutely perfect. It may be said that the suggestion of these ideas neither necessitates the correspondence of any actuality equivalent to them, nor implies that they have any real existence of their own. Imperfect circles and triangles suggest the ideas of perfect figures which have no real existence, either as things or as ideas, separable from our own thoughts. M. de Rémusat would reply that even these forms may well be supposed to exist as laws in the Divine mind, and that God thus combines in Himself all perfection, is the origin of all existence, and the source of all thought; and he closes his elegant essay thus:—

Nous citons les notions géométriques: au lieu de les réduire à cette existence énigmatique de simples idées, pourquoi ne pas dire qu'elles résident dans l'esprit suprême, comme les lois absolues des choses, conçues par l'auteur des choses? Pourquoi ne pas replacer l'éternelle géométrie dans l'éternel géomètre? Certes, les philosophes ont eu raison d'être embarrassés de l'origine des idées éternelles. Elles sont bien véritablement tombées du ciel dans l'esprit humain. Mais ce n'est pas le lieu de poursuivre dans la lumière inaccessible tout ce qui s'y laisse entrevoir à nos yeux éblouis. Contentons-nous de la grande et profonde vérité que nous avons apprise d'Anselme et de Des Cartes, mais que Platon savait avant eux.

In fact, M. de Rémusat reproduces a theory—he does not construct a proof.

#### AN ARTISAN POET.\*

THE tendency to over-estimate the works of uneducated writers is both very general and very pardonable. When we meet with talent, taste, or genius, surrounded by circumstances of indigence and ignorance, our compassion for misery and our

love of the marvellous are alike roused into activity. Nor is it only these generous emotions that are thus awakened. Men are sometimes impelled by all that is most ungenerous to heap up laurels on the brow of scribbling ploughmen, the gaze of a village and the wonder of a day. A captious envy of writers of established fame induces the desire to exalt obscure and humble penmen at their expense. Against any such bias as we have described, whether springing from generous or ungenerous motives, the critic is bound to put himself on his guard. Accordingly the reader must not suppose that we have any design upon his emotions in heading this article an "Artisan Poet," or that we propose to indulge in any rhapsodies either on M. Grivot's verses or on M. Grivot himself. Of the former, we may say that they are "below perfection far, but far above disgrace!" and as regards the latter, the history of his career has appeared to us sufficiently interesting to warrant us in giving some account of it.

Charles Auguste Grivot was born at Châteauneuf-sur-Loire on the 16th March, 1814. His father was a *tonnelier*, or wine cooper; and a cooper his son continued to be up to his thirtieth year, till which period he had never quitted his native village. It is scarcely too much to say—if the account of his biographer may be trusted—that all he knew was self-taught. During only ten months, in the course of two years, he attended an execrable village school, where orthography was mistaught, and where grammar was not taught at all. He abandoned this seminary of unsound learning at the age of thirteen, and commenced an apprenticeship to his father. The latter, we are told, was *grand chanteur, grand conteur*, and in the evenings thus whiled away in tales and ditties it is probable that young Grivot learned considerably more than on the benches of the school. His ear was tuned to rhythm by the one—his imagination was fed and stimulated by the other. But this was not his only source of information. In the house was a book—one book, and only one—*Lafontaine*. It was in this that he learned to read, and we are told that he knew the fables by heart before he went to school. Of course we are informed—and it is very possibly true—that his only amusement in leisure hours was reading. "Une vieille dame, sa voisine, faisait sa lecture habituelle de romans; elle les lui prêtait et il les lut tous." It speaks well for the intellectual digestion of the boy that his works bear no traces of that dyspepsia which we might have expected from the deglutition of such unhealthy aliments at so unripe an age. At fifteen, he came across the popular French Grammar of *Noël et Chapsal*. He opened it, and learned—what his schoolmaster had failed to teach him—that the language had rules. He studied it, and made it his constant care to subject to those rules both tongue and pen. A casual and seemingly insignificant circumstance first turned his attention to poetry as an art. He dined at a friend's house with his father. One of the party, being pinched for room, quoted Boileau's lines:—

Si l'on n'est plus à l'aise assis en un festin,  
Qu'aux sermons de Cassagnac ou de l'abbé Coffin.

A discussion ensued on the meaning of the passage. Young Grivot's curiosity was excited. Who was this Boileau of whom he had heard so much? One of his friends, a workman of Châteauneuf, lent him Boileau's works. The *Lutrin* and the *Art Poétique* were soon learned by heart. Grivot made them his constant study; and he did well. For, on an uneducated mind such as his, what could produce a more wholesome effect than the sound good sense, the moral beauty with which the *Art Poétique* is rife? We shall not now discuss the influence which Boileau has exercised on the literature of his country. Suffice it to say, that if we place ourselves at a French (which is surely the only fair) point of view—if we banish from our minds prejudices gathered from a narrow and exclusive attachment to English forms of thought—it cannot be doubted that that influence has been salutary in the extreme. But he had yet another teacher besides the legislator of Parnassus—to wit, Nature. He had not lived on the banks of the Loire for nothing. It is evident from his poems that to all the beauties of nature, especially of riverscenery, he was keenly alive. To lie down on the grassy bank, book in hand, and with stolen glances to watch the mirrored heaven in the mirroring stream, was to him a very paradise, when "Sundays and holidays" enabled him to quit his hoops and casks. But amid all this his ignorance and want of information lay heavily upon him. He rested not till the burden was lightened. Geometry, mechanics, algebra, history, music—all were welcome to those parched lips, which yearned for draughts of lore. Of English, we are told, he knew enough to be able to keep up a correspondence; and even heraldry ceased to be a mysterious jumble of griffins and gridirons to the inquisitive mind and retentive memory of the young cooper. A mere sciolist he must, of course, have been with this smattering of so many different subjects; but at least he was no coxcomb. Not of him could it be said that "knowledge puffeth up." In society he was particularly reserved; and if one thing bored and vexed him more than another, it was the idea of being made a *lion* of. To kind interest he was ever gratefully open. But the vulgar curiosity of silly would-be patrons he could not endure. Far greater poets than Grivot have not escaped the weakness of "showing off." No such vanity was his. No one could ever get him to read or recite his own poems. It is possible that Molière's *Misanthrope*—his favourite play—had in this respect taught him a useful lesson. Among modern poets,

\* Poésies de C. A. Grivot. Orléans: Gatincau. Paris: Librairie Nouvelle.

let us observe in passing, he gave the preference to Casimir Delavigne, Lamartine, and Beranger. He might have made a worse selection.

Such is the history of the education which Grivot procured for himself—and that amid all the distractions of his craft. These thickened upon him on the death of his parents, which took place early in his life. Finding himself at the head of the business, he was obliged to have recourse to matrimony to help him out of his difficulties. But the poet suffered, while the cooper thrived. The cares of a family, the bustle of a workshop, the duties of his calling, all these were stern and most prosaic realities little favourable to poetic inspiration. "Parmi tous ses dégoûts, et déjà dans sa timide modestie trop porté à se méfier de ses forces, il en vint souvent à se demander s'il n'était pas indigne des faveurs de la muse." But amid all these discouragements—aggravated though they often were by straitened circumstances and the pressure of absolute want—Grivot's good sense and noble nature enabled him to steer clear of those socialist tendencies and that class-hatred by which more than one of the artisan poets of France have seriously damaged their chances of reaching posterity. The Revolution of 1848 put his principles to the test. He was urged to put himself forward as a deputy for the French Chambers. Artisans were solicited to stand; and of the class thus appealed to, who so fit to answer the summons as Grivot? That the temptation was in some respects a strong one he did not deny; but expostulations and entreaties were alike powerless to induce him to yield to it. With all our anxiety to avoid hyperbole, we cannot but think there was little short of heroism in the simple language in which Grivot couched his refusal:—"Je suis peu de chose, mais je m'estime, et je vis: je resterai ce que je suis." We should here mention that at the time this offer was made him, Grivot had ceased to be a cooper. The scarcity of wine during three successive years had diminished the demand for casks and eaten into his small savings. To support both himself and his family, he found it necessary to betake himself to some other calling. He stood for and obtained the post of *agent-voyer*, a very humble and ill-paid description of road-surveyor. After being moved about from one canton to another, he at length, after twelve years' assiduous exercise of his functions, was nominated to the charge of an arrondissement. Diligent and conscientious to a fault, he fell a victim to his imprudent zeal. During two of the hottest days of the summer of 1856, he walked upwards of fifty miles. An inflammatory fever ensued, which sent him to his grave.

Let us now ask the reader to accompany us in a survey of Grivot's poems. They are divided into three books; and those who consider the hard straits in which a great part of his life was passed will be surprised to find that one of these is devoted to a refutation, partly humorous, partly serious, of socialist theories. No man was more liable to be tempted by the utopian promises held out by the champions of socialism, for everything tended to make him dissatisfied with his social status, and yearn for some position where he might gain his bread without the sweat of his brow. But Grivot thought scorn of all their golden dreams, and gave no credence to their honeyed words. It were too little to say that his poems are filled with that spirit of resignation which characterizes, for example, the productions of Reboul, the baker of Nîmes, for resignation implies the conviction and the consciousness that the lot acquiesced in is indeed hard; whereas in Grivot the utmost contentment reigns throughout. So much for the general tone of these compositions of which we now proceed to consider the poetical merit more in detail. The first poem we have marked for notice is entitled "La Musique" (p. 55), and is assuredly one of the most artistic in the whole volume. The poet represents himself as hearing in succession all kinds of musical strains—religious, mournful, pastoral, martial, and so on. With a power of word-painting which poets of far greater fame would not disdain, he clothes in language the emotions which these sounds, divers and diverse, have severally awakened in his breast. Singularly beautiful is the concluding passage in which he recalls the tune of the lullaby sung by his mother over his cradle:—

Toujours vers son enfance on aime à revenir.

Were it not for a certain prolixity of detail in some parts, we should place this poem abreast of those on the same subject by Pope and Dryden. Passing over some twenty pages, we come to some verses on the famous accident on the Versailles Railroad in 1842, when so many human beings were roasted alive. One line of this poem—to say nothing of its general merits—is a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* of adroit apostrophe. After describing the mixed classes—high and low, rich and poor—who had flocked together on that day, whether for business or for pleasure, the poet goes on as follows:—

Sur un char attelé de la vapeur qui gronde  
Ils roulaient, ils volaient: un oiseau les suivant  
En vain pour les atteindre, eût dépassé le vent! . . .  
Du bruit! . . . Qu'est ce? . . . A ton Dieu, mortel, fais ta prière,  
Fais-la vite! sur toi déchirant leur barrière,  
Fondent deux ennemis qui brisent en choquant:  
C'est le coup de la foudre et le feu du volcan. . . .

To turn to something of a gayer character, let us take "La Foire au Chat," which we are told is a *Légende Orléanaise*. "Once upon a time" there lived at Jargau, a château on the Loire, a most puissant seigneur, by name Tho-Keven, who had a "lovely daughter" by name Ingelmonde, the fame of whose

worth, wit, and beauty, was noised abroad through all the country far and near. For a whole concourse of belles, gentle and simple, convened together by Tho-Keven on the anniversary of his daughter's birth, had been compelled, in spite of themselves, to own their inferiority to the fair Ingelmonde; and she had protested against this most just award, saying that beauty was in her eyes a thing of no account when compared with goodness and virtue:—

Ce n'est donc pas à moi que le prix était dû,  
Je veux qu'à la plus sage il soit par vous rendu.

But vain was the protest of the gentle maiden:—

Car le point sur le champ de nouveau débattu,  
Ingelmonde eut encore le prix de la vertu.

Now it came to pass that Seigneur Tho-Keven—who probably found it uncommonly dull in his fusty, rusty, old château—was so smitten with this great gathering in honour of his daughter, that he was minded to get a somewhat similar diversion every year by instituting a fair. But here lay the difficulty. In order to reach Jargau, the merchants who came from the north had to cross the Loire, to cross it in boats:—

Les barques dévieraient, et pour les passagers  
La traversée offrait de très graves dangers.

"A bridge! a bridge! my daughter for a bridge!" Such was the intelligence which Seigneur Tho-Keven published far and near. No matter who it might be—*manant ou chevalier*, knight or churl—the engineer who should succeed in throwing a bridge across the Loire by the day specified for the fair, should have his daughter's hand; but if he failed in the undertaking—

le matin de la fête  
La hache du bourreau ferait tomber sa tête.

It happened that among those who had thronged to see and crown the beauty of the fair Ingelmonde, came a student named Glaber, who straightway conceived a fierce passion for the young lady, watched her as she sat on the moonlit turret high, and followed her steps as she roamed over meadow and glade. As soon as he heard Tho-Keven's proclamation, his great soul burned within him, and he aspired to the rank of *pontife*, the maiden herself being nothing loathe. Everything prospered—arch succeeded arch, and the bridge throve apace:—

L'Amour en cet instant, déceplant sa science,  
Lui donnait le savoir, fruit de l'expérience.

The solemn month of October drew nigh, when, of a sudden, the winds arose in their fury, and the floods came and beat upon arch and buttress, and down went the bridge. Glaber was in a terrible plight, and, as is often the case under such circumstances, when the hopes that span futurity are shivered to pieces, Satan paid him a visit. He swore, *par l'enfer*, that ere the night was spent the bridge should be restored again to its place, on the stipulation here following:—

. . . . . quand du jour va briller la lumière,  
Comprends moi, le premier, ou, sans choix, la première  
Qui sur le pont par moi reconstruit passera  
Jeune ou vieux, mort ou vif, toujours m'appartiendra.

This condition was accepted by Glaber. On the following morning, much to the astonishment of the good people of Jargau, and to the joy of the fair Ingelmonde, the bridge was all in its place again. According to the conditions set forth in Tho-Keven's proclamation, Ingelmonde, arrayed in nuptial attire, was the first to traverse the bridge:—

Elle en approche . . . y touche . . . y promène ses pas,  
O miracle du ciel! Satan ne la prend pas!

The reason thereof we shall allow M. Grivot to state in his own words:—

Glaber s'était montré plus malin que le diable,  
La ruse dans ce cas était bien pardonnable.  
Il avait pris un chat, qu'à force de chasser,  
Le premier sur le pont il avait fait passer.  
Pour prix de son travail Satan n'eut que la bête,  
Tout le monde applaudit à la ruse, et la fête  
Où peut-être bientôt vous ferez maint achat,  
Reçut le même jour le nom de *Foire au Chat*.

And so ends a very amusing poem, of which the only fault is that superfluity of detail and want of compression of which we have already complained, but which is more or less a defect in all French poetry.

The second book opens with a poem on which we regret to say that we can find no language sufficiently strong to express our unmitigated disgust. M. Grivot's friends ought to have had more sense than to admit it into the volume—though they would probably retort that our objections to "Un Messie" are founded more on the odious comparison of England to that "old serpent" than on the blasphemous parallel drawn between the empire of the first Napoleon and the advent of Christ, the crusher of the serpent's head. M. Grivot must, we think, be a descendant of the village doctor in the interior of France (we had the fact from the lips of his patient) who in 1816 proposed a somewhat novel interpretation of the I. N. R. I. on a crucifix—namely, *Imperator Napoleo, Rex Italia*—and then went down on his knees, his hands the while clasping the crucifix, and exclaimed, "C'est par ce croix que j'ai vécu, c'est par ce croix que je mourrai." But such insane hero-worship, if excusable in 1816, cannot be tolerated for a moment in 1845, the date of "Un Messie;" and we are sincerely pained that M. Grivot's volume should be defiled



by so scandalous a production. On the other hand, the poem next but one following—a kind of political apologue, entitled “Thomas le Meunier”—is an admirable piece of humour. One line in particular is very happy:—

Thomas pensait un jour (il pensait quelquefois).

Excellent, too, in every respect, is the next poem, called “Meuris,” under which name the author evidently intends to refer to himself, and which deals with the difficulties that the artisan-poet has to encounter in making his way to the temple of fame. No writer of his class had a better right to protest against neologisms, and to vindicate the purity and elegance of the French language. The poem is full of hits at the romantic school and its disdain of submission to all the laws of classic composition. Not such were the principles adopted by “Meuris:”—

Il ne sait point sortir de son étroit sentier,  
Et si l'on ne pensait que le rude métier  
L'est venu prendre enfant dans les bras de sa mère,  
On pourrait soupçonner qu'il connaît la grammaire.

The last of these four lines is a capital piece of sarcasm.

We have no hesitation in endorsing the words which Béranger wrote in a letter to Grivot, on the receipt of a smaller collection printed in the lifetime of the poet—“Ce qui me surprend autant que leur mérite, c'est que votre nom n'ait pas plus de retentissement à Paris.” The testimony here recorded is of great value. Béranger never flattered this class of poets—on the contrary, his first impulse always was to damp their poetical ardour by searching criticism and sharp rebuffs. We trust, however, that the reader will place as little reliance on Béranger's opinion as on our own, but will hasten to judge for himself. He will have the additional satisfaction of feeling that in so doing, he is ministering to the relief of the widow and children of the poet, who have been left in very straitened circumstances, and on whose behalf this volume has been published.

#### CHANTREY'S WOODCOCKS.\*

MANY of our readers will probably have been puzzled by the title of this book, and lost in conjecture as to what *νεα νεπερα* could have taken flight on such a subject as a woodcock—a bird whose name in French, *une bécasse*, has passed into a proverb for a female fool, a “goose,” and which in Barbary is called the “ass-partridge.”

It seems that on the morning of November 20th, 1829—let us be exact as to the date, for the person principally concerned has, much to the editor's astonishment, put the event in 1830—Sir Francis Chantrey was on a visit to Mr. Coke, of Holkham, in Norfolk, and joined his host and a party to shoot over that celebrated manor. At the very commencement of the day's sport, he had the good fortune (*sic* in preface) to kill two woodcocks at ONE SHOT (the capitals are the editor's). Upon this the great sculptor apparently went mad with delight; for, dropping his gun, he rushed into the midst of his friends, who were blazing away at the hares and pheasants in all directions, and screamed out the astounding news. We must continue in the words of the editor—they are too rich to be abridged. “The triumph was, as may be imagined, hailed by the assembled sportsmen with wonder and applause; and, on its announcement, Mr. Coke, himself an enthusiastic lover of the chase in all its forms, marshalled the whole party—guns, keepers, and beaters—in line; he then made Chantrey pass along the ranks; and, as he passed, each individual in succession uncovered, and made an obeisance to the hero of the day.” A memorandum of the event, written in the most hyperbolic language, and signed by three witnesses, was entered in the game-book of Holkham Hall, a duplicate of which was given to Chantrey; and, to make a long story short, he seems to have been deluded into the notion that he had accomplished a feat quite unique. So, to commemorate it, he sculptured the two birds in bas-relief on an upright monument, which now adorns the grounds at Holkham. This became a mark for a host of versifiers, good, bad, and indifferent—in Latin, Greek, and English—and hence the present work, which is a collection of 180 (!) epigrams and verses on this one subject.

All's well that ends well, as, no doubt, Mr. Coke thought; but, after this much ado about nothing, did it not occur to Sir Francis that his brother-sportsmen were indulging in a ponderous joke at his expense? Nothing of the kind; and the editor, with much less cause, seems to be equally blind. But how does the case stand? Sir Francis himself confessed that he had no idea that two birds rose when he fired. He covered his bird, and killed it; but, to his amazement, when he went to pick it up, two lay dead. This scarcely seems an adequate reason for such an *Io triumphe* and flourish of trumpets as this book sends forth; and we cannot help suspecting that the whole is one gigantic piece of irony carefully wrapped up.

Woodcocks are plentiful enough at Holkham in the season, and to kill one is reckoned no extraordinary feat. To kill two at once would be a fit subject for congratulation, if intentional; but to compliment a man on his wonderful skill in knocking over two birds when he only meant to kill one, is much the same as praising a player at billiards for a magnificent stroke when he has made a manifest “fluke,” or a huntsman for his plucky riding when his horse has bolted with

him. “The chorus of bards,” says Mr. Muirhead, in a long and somewhat incoherent preface, “who have sung the fate of the cocks, and their fair restoration by the chisel of the destroyer, have allowed but little share in the event to accident; and with the freedom always (?) conceded to poets, have generally attributed to Chantrey all the credit that could have been due to him, had he been in intention, as well as in execution, the most unrivalled and inimitable of sportsmen.” The drift of this sentence is obscure; for Mr. Muirhead has been all along endeavouring to show that Chantrey had fairly earned a title to be regarded as an excellent sportsman, and that this famed shot of his was far more conspicuous for its rarity than many other extraordinary instances which he cites in comparison. However, the shot was made, the ovation held, the monument erected, and these rhymes were written to celebrate an imaginary triumph of sporting skill, though a real triumph of the sculptor's art.

Among the contributors appear the names of many noted for their scholarship or epigrammatic talent—as the Marquis of Wellesley, Archdeacon Wrangham, Baron Alderson, Lords Jeffrey and Tenterden, the Rev. W. L. Bowles, Dean Milman, and Allan Cunningham, Bishops Maltby, Otter, and Wilberforce, Canon Selwyn, Drs. Scott, Moberly, &c.; and, assuming that Chantrey's shot was intentional, and equally worth celebrating with his sculpture, the subject was a happy one, and in such hands could not but give rise to neat and elegant effusions. Of these the Marquis of Wellesley has, as might be expected, furnished an exquisite set of Latin elegiacs, which worthily open the collection. They are too long to quote at full, but the following extract will give an idea of their spirit:—

Ponam inter medios, sacra umbrae, saltus  
Signa quibus veris restituentur aves;  
Veras in morte tamen, quales jacere sub altâ  
Illice, jamque animâ deficientes pares;  
Aspice languentes deflexo in marmore pennas!  
Aspice! quæ plumis gratia morte manet!

Which has been prettily rendered by the editor:—

Sculptur'd by me, the birds with lifelike grace  
Shall breathe, restor'd to this fair woodland place;  
Yet true, as dying by you oak they lay,  
And in sad union sigh'd their souls away;  
See the carv'd stone their drooping wing sustains!  
See e'en in death each plump charm remains!

By the bye, has not the editor in translating *venator novus*, archer-novice, in the second line of the poem, missed the meaning of *novus*? In his preface he labours hard to show that Chantrey was (to use his own words) “much attached to two at least of the sports of the field, having loved shooting much, and fishing perhaps more.” May not *novus* therefore mean *fresh*, *early* at his sport.

Of the other Latin contributions to the volume, those of Archdeacon Wrangham strike us as the most felicitous. The following is a good specimen of what a serious epigram ought to be:—

Quâ morimur dextrâ in lucem revocamur eadem;  
Quæ vitam abstraxit, vivere deinde dedit.  
Ah! felix utrinque manus—quæ nempe perire  
Nos jubet hac, illac posse perire vetat!

Thus Englished by the author:—

By the same hand we fall and we revive;  
He who destroyed us bade us thenceforth live.  
Twice happy hand! which while it bids us die,  
Bids us in marble live immortally.

We will spare our readers Greek, though there is a sore temptation to quote Dr. Scott, Mr. Boulton, and Canon Selwyn, among others; but we must notice what seems a misprint of *τεχών* for *τεχών*, in the second line of Dr. Scott's verses:—

Οὐχ ὁ τεχών, ὁ τεχών οὐδ' ἀνυχὸς ὁ τεχνίς.

And Mr. Muirhead has missed the antithesis in translating—

Rare shot! Nor hapless who, thus slain, revives!

Mr. Boulton excels in Greek, Latin, and English; but the theme of all his epigrams is so similar that they should have been placed (like the translations) in juxtaposition, as renderings of the same idea in different words, and not have been scattered over the volume. The English verses are of varied merit—some very good, some but indifferent, and some disappointing, considering the authors. As neat as any is the Bishop of Oxford's:—

Life in death, a mystic lot,  
Dealt thou to the winged band;  
Death—from thine unerring shot,  
Life—from thine undying hand.

Though it is a considerable poetic license to call a brace of birds a *band*. The Hon. Frederica Anson has sung the fate of the slain thus:—

Long may this spotless marble tell  
When Chantrey fir'd two woodcocks fell;  
They met their doom together;  
But now by his transcendent art  
Into new life he bids them start  
And makes them live for ever!

These lines certainly shine by contrast with those of K.'s, which immediately follow, beginning

Death's fatal shaft, with lurid lightning's glow,  
And swift-compelling laid these victims low;

which have an unmistakable smack of the village stonemason's epitaph-book, and must have originally figured on the tombstone

\* *Winged Thoughts on Chantrey's Woodcocks*. Edited by James Patrick Muirhead, M.A. With Etchings. London: John Murray. 1857.

of "two lovers struck by lightning." Among the disappointing productions we must name Lord Jeffrey's couplets, and Allan Cunningham's rhymes, which would have passed muster, if he had ended half way, and not tried the facetious.

Before concluding this notice, the editor's share in these "winged" tributes to Chantrey must not be forgotten. He has contributed about half the volume, and has sufficiently proved his versatility of talent. His translations are for the most part close and accurate, preserving at the same time an easy flow of rhythm and much poetical feeling. His version of Professor Selwyn's elegant Greek epigram, which has been ably rendered into Latin by Dr. Moberly, is very superior to Mr. Bowles's, who in the last line has failed to express the antithesis *δρι δ' ἐφαιμερίων ἔσχατον ἀθάνατον*. Mr. Bowles translates—

Fix'd by transcendent art immortal here.

Mr. Muirhead—

And we, once mortal, now undying live.

But we cannot leave Mr. Muirhead without protesting against the strange nomenclature used in his blank-verse lines numbered LVIII.—

*Brind'd and barr'd with sudden rufous gleam;  
But all untinged with Paveonian dyes.*

Such phrases as "opal morning," "sapphire moon," "amethystine eve,"

*Somnambulant, they roam'd the hills at dark,*

(we question much the statement, as a fact of natural history), "green frond-coronets," and the like, are poetry run mad. The facetious part of the book, too, is unworthy of the more serious; and, with the exception of one or two pieces of the editor's, scarcely deserved to be included in the collection.

We have taken exceptions to the fact which laid the foundation of this book; but it is only just to say that it has given birth to a collection of verses which will, for the most part, afford pleasure to the educated reader, and which must surprise every one by the adroit way in which nearly the same thought has been clothed in different language. The volume, we may add, is beautifully printed on a delicate buff-tinted paper; and not the least admirable feature of the book is the illustrations, which have been exquisitely etched by Mr. Redaway.

#### RIVERSTON.\*

WE have lately had to speak our mind about several bad novels. This may be thought a needless cruelty. It may be thought that the bitterest cup the writer of an unsuccessful novel ought to be made to taste is the cup of Lethe—that his sufficient punishment is to be neglected and forgotten. But we wish the bad novels were really unsuccessful. They are forced into currency, like the rest, by the circulating libraries, and handed about to deprave and deaden the taste and destroy the moral stamina of the customers of those intellectual gin-shops—to disseminate among the weak and half-educated natures who batten on this kind of garbage false sentiments, affected emotions, and wrong views of duty and of life. Imagination in man is not a freak of nature, but a faculty implanted for certain ends, capable, like all other faculties, of use and abuse, of improvement and of depravation, and the abuse and depravation of which are as mischievous as those of any other part of the mind. A writer who, merely to amuse himself, or from literary vanity, or for money, sends into the world a careless and frivolous novel, commits just as dangerous an offence as if he had written a careless and frivolous work on a serious subject—perhaps even more so, for trashy essays and sermons seldom do much harm.

We are glad, however, to note the appearance of a novel of a better, though not of a first-rate kind. The author of *Riverston* tries, at all events, to write well, and to paint character healthily and truly; and she has a certain amount of real observation and sentiment to warrant her in writing. Few people will think that she has a very sound theory of the female character, or that she sees the full value of self-control, and womanly dignity and reserve. Many people will think her heroine intensely self-conscious, hysterically passionate, and not overburdened with delicacy. Nor can we say that the novel shows any great art in the construction of the story, any great skill in the development of character, or any great point in dialogue or description. Some of it is sufficiently tedious reading. Still, on the whole, there is an effort in it, both moral and literary, which seems to us to raise it above the ignoble crowd.

The novel is in form an autobiography. The heroine and autobiographer is a governess. Her name is Honor Sybil Haig, of which Honor and Haig are typical of her ostensibly humble position—Sybil, of her real pretensions, and the witching and charming powers she conceives herself to possess. The reader, however, need not think that he is going to be treated to the sorrows of a governess, or that general bitterness against society which is their too natural, though feeble and irrational, revenge. After meeting with some cold receptions in her search for a place, Miss Honor Sybil Haig finds a very warm and kind reception in Riverston Hall, near Hastings, the house of Mr. and Mrs. Wynter; and there her class-sufferings end. Mrs. Wynter is a gentle, nervous woman, who plays no very active part in the

drama; Mr. Wynter is a good-natured squire, who eats his dinner quietly, does not grumble when it is late, and holds his tongue. There are three young ladies in the family, whose several and disconnected stories fill the greater part of the novel—Helen, Sydney (rather a queer name for a woman), and Effie—Effie, the youngest of the three, alone being Miss Haig's pupil. Helen is engaged to a clergyman of the name of Beresford; but she grows tired of her *fiancé*, and gives him a rival. A stormy rupture takes place at a ball, and Beresford shoots himself next morning. Helen after this falls, as well she may, quite into the background, and exists only in a penitent, melancholy, and somewhat ghostlike state. Sydney, like her elder sister, is coquettish, or at least uncertain in her affections. Her lover is the excellent Mr. Rupert. She quarrels with him about a piece of nonsense, and flirts with the anything but excellent Mr. Leslie. Mr. Rupert discovers that Mr. Leslie is the seducer of his sister, who is living *incog.* at Riverston under the name of Hammond. A duel ensues, in which both parties are wounded. Both recover; and Mr. Rupert regains his Sydney, while Mr. Leslie makes the *amende honorable* by marrying his victim. As to Effie, whom one expects to be the principal character next to Miss Haig herself, she is nearly bitten by a mad dog, and has a bad illness of which she nearly dies; and that is the whole of her history.

As to Miss Haig, she modestly talks of herself as an imperfect character, but she shows nothing but wisdom, right feeling, power of influencing others for good, self-sacrifice, and heroism on all occasions. She saves the house from burglars, catches a mad terrier by the nape of the neck, to prevent his biting her pupil (in imitation of the late Sir Fowell Buxton), and goes herself to stop the duel, instead of sending the men to stop it, which seems the more natural course. The strength of her emotions is absolutely terrific. When she lies awake at night there is a regular tornado of agony. When a meeting with a person she cares for is not what she wished it to be—

I turned away with a dull pain—an empty hunger at my heart. Was this our meeting? this the return for which I had weakly counted hours and days? my spot of sunshine? my looked-for cup of wine?

She is evidently ready for a kindred spirit. He comes—appropriately ushered by a thunder-storm—Mr. Gilbert Kingsley, the modified Rochester of this modified Jane Eyre. He is elderly, deformed, and cynical, having been soured by an early disappointment in love, but has splendid long black hair and magnificent eyes, and is tremendously interesting. He is a much better and gentler personage than Mr. Rochester, as his governess, though formidable, is less formidable than Jane Eyre. The courtship is rough, but decidedly warm. It is protracted by the self-mistrust of the gentleman—a quality of the excess of which in him the lady bitterly complains, and which she does her best to enable him to break through, by talking of "Hope" very early in the day, in a strain encouraging enough to excite self-confidence in the most timid wooer. A slight hitch is also occasioned by the arrival at home of the gallant and handsome sailor son "Frank," and the occurrence of some passages between him and Miss Haig, which are misconstrued by the diffidence and suspicion of her lover. At last, however, of course, Mr. Gilbert Kingsley does propose, and is accepted, though not till after a period of suspense, which throws Miss Haig into a whirlwind of despairing passion, quite beyond the reach of all our powers of sympathy.

The sad necessity of filling three volumes has told, as usual, in the flatness and diffuseness of the dialogue:—

"Mother, I am thirsty—I want whey or lemonade—which is the fittest for me? Effie, can you make lemonade—with plenty of sugar in it? I think that bandage is too tight. Look, mother, ought it to press me so round the ankle? Miss Haig, why do you sit there? What are you doing? I can't see you."

"My dear boy, how can you go on talking so! I am sure, with the pain you must be in, it would be a better thing if you would try to go to sleep. I wish I had got your uncle to carry you up-stairs to your room at once. He has gone away somewhere now. Effie, do you know where he has gone?"

"My dear mother, if you talk of getting my uncle to carry me another foot anywhere, lame as I am, I shall rise and fly from the house. I feel bruised all green and blue where he has gripped me already."

"Frank, will you try to go to sleep?"

"Is it my duty, mother? A necessary thing for an invalid?"

"My dear boy!—Come, we will draw the curtains, and be very quiet. Turn you your face to the wall, and I will put a cloak over you, and you will be asleep in ten minutes."

Any one might write this sort of thing—and it is the usual sort of thing in three volume novels—if he would only take notes of the most rapid tea-party, and print them. People may think it is natural and graphic, like Dutch painting; but Dutch painting pleases because it requires and exhibits art. There is no art whatever in writing down exactly what a lady says when she buys something at the milliner's, or orders dinner. Nothing which is written in this way can possibly be lasting.

#### SINAI, THE HEDJAZ, AND SOUDAN.\*

FEW readers of Mr. Hamilton's *Wanderings in North Africa* could fail to perceive that the author of that work had the capacity for producing something much superior to it. It was a dull book, but it was dull only because no human creature

\* *Riverston*. By Georgiana M. Craik. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

\* *Sinai, the Hedjaz, and Soudan*. *Wanderings round the Birth-place of the Prophet*. By James Hamilton, Author of "*Wanderings in North Africa*." London: Bentley. 1857.



who does not purpose going thither can take very much interest in the desert through which Mr. Hamilton found his way to the Egyptian border. The Cyrenaica itself, although more interesting, excites, after all, but an imperfect sympathy. Mr. Hamilton has now chosen a more attractive subject. In writing of Mount Sinai, he is of course greatly at a disadvantage. Mr. Stanley has taken the wind out of the sails of most Biblical voyagers for many a day to come. The Hedjaz, however, is comparatively new ground. Not many have made the circuit of the Caaba, even at the most respectful distance; and we do not know that any one has ever described the line of Mr. Hamilton's route between the Red Sea and Chartum.

Cairo was the starting-place of his explorations. The mild freshness of an Egyptian spring, when the almond flowers, and the green buds begin to clothe the vine, was the incentive to new wanderings; and Mr. Burton was the adviser who proposed a journey down the Red Sea to Cosseir, and an expedition into the interior. Preliminaries were settled—the oft-described road to Suez was traversed—and Mr. Hamilton was soon on board a *sambuk*, a half-decked boat of twenty tons, a craft not dissimilar in character to those which sailed in old days from Elath and Eziongeber. All night this pleasant vessel lay tossing at her anchor. At sunrise, the timid crew resumed their voyage, and another weary day and night brought them to the little village of Tor—a collection of some twenty huts built of madrepores. Here the travellers obtained camels, visited the Convent of St. Catherine, and climbed Gebel Musa. As they journeyed, they saw many of the victims who were engaged in forming the great road which was destined to lead to Abbas Pacha's desert palace—that monstrous product of folly and power which, as was then supposed, would cost more than the railway from Alexandria to Cairo.

From Sinai Mr. Hamilton returned to Tor, and sailed thence to Jidda, enjoying the sunsets and cursing Arab seamanship. The port of Mecca is one of the most Oriental of Oriental cities. Even Damascus must yield to it. There are scarcely any Christians in the place, and every Islamite nation has its representatives. The population of the town is about 20,000. Its trade is chiefly in the hands of Mahomedans from Hindostan, and hundreds of their poorer countrymen encamp *en permanence* in the streets, and reflect, by their extreme wretchedness, but little credit on the British Government. Mr. Hamilton thinks that these unhappy wretches should be forbidden to repair to Mecca. Islam does not, it appears, inculcate the duty of pilgrimage upon its poorer votaries. The markets are wretchedly supplied, and the exports are quite trifling; but Jidda is the *entrepôt* of a considerable trade between India and the Turkish Empire. Through the kindness of Mr. Cole, the representative of Great Britain at Jidda, the travellers obtained permission to visit Tayf, the residence of the Sherif of Mecca, whose power extends through all the region round the Holy City. The Sherif Abd-el-Motaleb—who ruled in Tayf when Mr. Hamilton was there, but has been since deposed—is the thirtieth in descent from Ali and Fatimah the daughter of the Prophet. He is a man of no ordinary powers, and is intimately acquainted with the politics of Europe. He possesses, that is, not the parrotlike knowledge of what is going on in the civilized world which is common amongst Turkish Pachas, but a really statesmanlike acquaintance with the progress of events. Mr. Hamilton formed the most favourable opinion of him, and laments, in the preface to this work, his removal from office. He was alive to the commercial capabilities of his country, as well as to its backwardness in civilization: and his fall has deprived it of any chance of being well governed for a long time to come. A Sherif imposed by the will of the stranger, and not of the old line, can never rule long in Arabia; and government through a Pacha is simply impossible.

Throughout his volume, Mr. Hamilton has scattered many useful suggestions with regard to Oriental politics. Amongst other things, he calls attention to the very anomalous arrangements of our Consular service in the East. Mr. Cole, who has to protect the interests of about 2000 British Indian subjects at Jidda is only a Vice-Consul; whereas the representative of France, who has to take care of just one resident, is a Consul. Of course the Frenchman takes precedence on all occasions; and the barbarians of the Hedjaz, who are incapable of comprehending minute distinctions, immediately jump to the conclusion that England is inferior in power to France. Again, Mr. Hamilton repeatedly assures us that England has only to say the word to put down the traffic in slaves along the Egyptian frontier; and he is most anxious that our Government should attempt to purchase from the Turks the island of Massawa and the small town of Hakiko opposite to it. He believes that, ere long, these two places would form most important commercial stations.

Mr. Hamilton's remarks upon the great Arabian legislator are among the best parts of his book. He knows what preceded Islam, and can, therefore, make allowance for its shortcomings. The personal character of Mahomed has also deeply impressed him. He places him only a little lower, if lower at all, than Socrates:—

His career at the outset was the revolt of a noble nature against a coarse and cruel polytheism; his wonderful success might well persuade him that he was indeed the chosen of Heaven, and the calmness of his death proclaimed the convictions and sealed the doctrine of his life. He must be a man of a sterner theology than I care to profess, who can remain unmoved the simple chronicle of his death-bed. On that last Monday—it had always been his fortunate day—he lay turned to the wall wrapped up in a black cloak, and

covering his head to conceal from those dear to him the workings of agony on his face. Before the final struggle, lifting up his face, he exclaimed—"May God be far from those who make the tombs of his servants places of prayer!" The very last words he was heard to utter as he expired, as if in answer to an unseen visitor were—"In the company of the blessed on high."

Mr. Hamilton, after returning to Jidda from Tayf, proposed to sail to Cosseir; but, alarmed at the probable length of the voyage, he changed his mind, and crossed the sea to Sawakin. After a stormy but short passage, he arrived at that port, and struck inland for Chartum, on the Blue Nile—a long dreary journey through an unknown country, by describing which he has done good service to geography, but has contributed but little to the knowledge or amusement of the general reader. These provinces are ruled, or misruled, by Egyptian satraps, who sadly want a little European superintendence. Chartum, which stands in the angle formed by the junction of the White and Blue Niles, is a metropolis of the vices. The greater number of its Frank inhabitants are traders on the White Nile—dealers in ivory, and, as Mr. Hamilton hints, "in ebony also." Five months of the year they spend in a sort of buccaneering expedition up the river, and the remaining seven are devoted to the pleasures, legitimate and illegitimate, which Chartum affords. Amongst the former is an inordinate consumption of arrack, which seems absolutely necessary in that climate. Mr. Hamilton drank sometimes a pint a day without experiencing the very slightest symptoms of intoxication. Chartum is an admirable station for the naturalist. In the trellised walk of a garden there Mr. Hamilton saw many rare beasts, chained each to a post—some of them, he says, new to science. Such were a cloaked monkey, of which no specimen had ever before been taken alive; and a pair of ant-eaters, not pangolins, but nearly allied to the ant-eater of America.

From Chartum, Mr. Hamilton sailed down the river between banks whose exuberant fertility owed nothing to the labour of their inhabitants. The slothfulness of this swarthy race of "blameless Ethiopians" is indirectly, if not directly, encouraged by the rulers of Egypt, who know that wealth brings strength, and dread to lose their hold on this vast, though to them useless, district. From Berber, the travellers struck across the Nubian Desert, to rejoin the Nile at Korosko; and after a careful observation of the country, Mr. Hamilton came to the conclusion that the digging of a canal through the desert would be not only a possible, but an enormously remunerative, enterprise. From Korosko, he descended the great river to Cairo, where he arrived just in time to hear that Abbas Pacha had gone to his account.

To many Englishmen the character of that prince, as depicted by Mr. Hamilton, will cause no little astonishment. Here was a man in the full light of the nineteenth century, in daily contact with civilization, and whose rise and disappearance we have all witnessed, who combined the worst qualities of the worst Roman Emperors. Stained with more vices than a decent historian can well venture to enumerate, he pursued his favourite design of raising his son to the viceregal seat with a cold, calculating, murderous cruelty which throws into the shade the pettish fury of Caligula or the half insane outbreaks of Nero. The unfortunates who excited his suspicion were sent to die in the mines of Fazoghli, amongst horrors such as those which the author of *Anastasius* has so strikingly portrayed in his account of the prisons of Constantinople. It is not surprising that the oldest and most effectual method of "tempering despotism" was employed in the case of this fiend in human shape.

Mr. Hamilton, in the short and very pleasantly-written chapter with which he concludes his work, tries to explain the fascination which is exercised over him by the East. The feeling, however, is too indefinite, and he fails to convey to the reader any very distinct idea. There is a craving in many natures which the boundlessness of desert scenery and the freedom of desert life are peculiarly calculated to gratify—

The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow;  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow.

Then, too, we must not overlook the disgust at "all respectable persons and all respectable things" which is so natural to the spoiled children of civilization, and which is strongly developed in Mr. Hamilton, who, though he may be a rigid ascetic for all we know to the contrary, takes an indulgent view of the sins of others, and wandering far and near amongst men, remembers that they are dust. His love of Eastern travel is not, however, a mere idle delight in wandering. He has long dreamed of an exploring journey to discover the sources of the Nile. While at Chartum, he obtained information which left on his mind no doubt as to its feasibility. The recent expedition set on foot by the present Viceroy of Egypt, was, he thinks, on so large a scale as to ensure its failure from the first; and he is not in the least surprised that the motley crew of *savants* quarrelled before leaving Cairo. There is no danger to be apprehended when the expedition has sailed 400 miles south of Chartum. The white traders penetrate thus far, and by their violence often excite distrust amongst the natives. Three *savants*, ten thousand pounds, seven Europeans, and a few native servants, ought to be enough for all purposes:—

*Fontem quarere Nili* has, for more than two thousand years, signified to attempt the impossible; but modern science and enterprise have surmounted greater difficulties, and it may be fairly hoped that the Nile will not for many

years longer continue the opprobrium of geography. It is nearly three thousand years since Homer sang of the descent of the Nile from heaven. Fifteen centuries later, Claudian celebrated the unviolated secret which surrounds its sources:—

Secreto de fonte cadens, qui semper inani  
Quærendus ratione latet; nec contigit ulli  
Hoc vidisse caput. Fortur sine teste creatur  
Flumina profundens alieni conscia cœli.

The problem is still unsolved, but it is not rash to say that it is no longer insoluble. Civilization and commerce are alike interested in its solution; and, if I have no longer the hope of myself realizing a long cherished day-dream, I cannot doubt that the poet's exhortation will soon be responded to by one more fortunate than myself:—

Ite per ardentem Libyam; superate vapores  
Solis, et arcenos Nili deprendite fontes!

#### RENAN'S ESSAYS ON THE HISTORY OF RELIGION.\*

M. ERNEST RENAN'S *Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse*, which have just reached a second edition, are remarkable in many respects. It is true they are only, as it were, a few stray leaves, torn from a volume which we should like to possess in its completeness. They are essays on religious subjects, written originally for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and other French periodicals. They whet our appetite, rather than satisfy it. M. Renan himself felt all the objections against collecting and publishing such essays, composed at different times, with different objects, and in different styles. He is a scholar and a man of taste, and he has his traditional ideas of what a book ought to be. There ought to be in every book a unity of purpose, an evenness of temper, a certain amount of continuity and repose. A book is, or ought to be, a work of art, symmetrical in all its parts, without breaks and blanks. Such books were written in former times, and they are written now. But the means of literary communication have increased so much of late—the speed with which a new idea, if it is to arrive in time, has to travel from place to place is so great—that even our best writers, men quite capable of composing books, are obliged occasionally to adopt the more convenient, and certainly more powerful, vehicle of periodical literature. What is to become of these essays? Many of them must share the fate of the literary fireworks of our newspapers and journals. But we cannot wonder if men of higher aspirations begin to count the costs, and endeavour, by some means or other, to give a more permanent form to their ephemeral productions. Their republished essays have already become so numerous that they form an independent and acknowledged branch of modern literature. They are the sketch-books of great masters—more instructive, and more fascinating sometimes, than the more elaborate works of art in the Vatican and St. Peter's.

We have been watching M. Renan for several years. To judge from his first works, he seemed to be intended for a mere scholar—a *piocheur*, breaking open new ground, and following the plough year after year, trusting that others would come after him, and fertilize the furrow which he had drawn. There was a somewhat German character about his investigations—a want of purpose, and an abundance of means. After a time, however, he began to steer more steadily, and the track which he intended to follow was clearly traced out. Whether he wrote on Mahomet, or the *Lives of the Saints*—on Calvin, or the author of *De Imitatione Christi*—on M. Ary Scheffer's *Tentation du Christ*, or on the critical histories of Christ—on Ewald's *History of the Jews*, or Creuzer's and Guignaut's *Religions de l'Antiquité*—on Channing and the United States, or on Hegel and the school of Tübingen—one purpose ran through all his works, that of tracing the rise and decay of religions and of systems of theology. How can the finite mind of man grasp the infinite? such was the problem which he endeavoured to answer, both as a philosopher and an historian; and in his double capacity of philosopher and historian, M. Renan has few equals among the scholars and thinkers of the present day. There are men who, as historians and critics, have made greater discoveries in ancient literature—men who have for the first time deciphered and collated manuscripts, published editions and translations of the ancient documents of sacred literature. There are men again who, as philosophers, have composed more elaborate systems on the history of mankind. But it is difficult to find the freedom of the thinker united to the patient and submissive research of the explorer, and it is the union of these two qualities which distinguishes the author of the *Essais d'Histoire Religieuse*. If we read Hegel's *Philosophy of History*, there is hardly a page, particularly in that part which treats on the "intellectual categories" of the Eastern world, where the facts on which his reasonings are based are correct or accurately detailed. On the other hand, in the works which contain authentic and first-hand information for the various religious and philosophical systems of the Oriental world, an utter deficiency in philosophical comprehension frequently leads their authors, accurate and painstaking as they are, and their not less painstaking readers, into a complete wilderness of words and thoughts. M. Renan is an Oriental as well as a Classical scholar. He is *au fait* with all that has been written on the subjects in which he takes an interest. He is able to sift his facts, and we may trust to his statements. In addition to

this, he writes in a clear and bright style—that is to say, he has a clear head and a firm hand, and grapples with the facts before him till he has mastered them, and made them his own.

It is not, of course, our object to review M. Renan's reviews. We merely wish to point them out as a useful introduction to a study which becomes more important every year—the history of religion. It is admitted that a medical man, at least a scientific physician, ought to be acquainted with the history of medicine. He ought to know its first beginnings, he ought to trace its gradual progress, watch the formation of technical terms which have been carried down to his own time, and discern the first rising of errors and prejudices, many of which are not yet entirely rooted out. A jurist, again, must be acquainted with the laws of Greece, of Rome, of the Church, and of the Teutonic tribes; and if he adds to this a study of the Mosaic and other Oriental codes of law, he will be still better capable of discriminating what is essential, and primitive, and universal in law, from what is accidental, secondary, and local. The same applies to the theologian; and it is a misfortune that the few divines who have made the religions of the world a subject of study have, with rare exceptions, approached the subject, not with the calm, impartial, and inquisitive eye of the historian, but with the hostile feeling of partisans. Here, again, M. Renan has set a good example. His mind is deeply steeped in religious thought and feeling; his toleration never falls into indifference; and his language is slightly tinged with the colours of mystic and theosophic phraseology. Whether, as a Roman Catholic, he can claim the title of an orthodox son of the Church, we doubt. He speaks of Protestantism as he speaks of Buddhism, representing both as reforms and reactions against priestcraft; and writers of the *Univers* will hardly pardon him for having called Calvin a Reformer, and the doctrine of Luther the lever of our age. Sometimes his language may sound startling, and he occasionally (particularly in his earlier Essays) forgets that, even as an historian, a Christian writer is not at liberty to treat the fundamental facts of Christianity as open questions. Angelico de Fiésole never painted the heads of Christ and the Virgin except on his knees, and M. Renan admits himself that "it would be well if critics and historians did the same, and never braved the light of certain figures, before which generations after generations have inclined themselves, without having first paid them the homage of a pious worshipper." Nevertheless, he is occasionally carried away too far by the spirit of the historian, and he writes on with a naïve unconsciousness, while his expressions set the minds of his readers shivering. When speaking of the *Lives of the Saints*, he says:—

La Vie des Pères du Desert qu'on lisait à Port-Royal pendant les heures de récréation, est aussi un grandiose et austère roman: le style d'ordinaire inanimé de Port-Royal ne devait trouver de couleurs que pour peindre le Thébaïde.

So far, so good; but M. Renan continues, with the greatest calm:—

Je ne connais que certaines légendes bouddhiques qui approchent du charme de ces graves et simples récits.

M. Renan cannot anathematise, and this is a weakness which few will forgive. He differs from Ewald, but he treats him with the greatest respect, and admits that "he has far surpassed all who have treated before him on the literature and the history of the Jews." M. Renan criticises Strauss, but he calls him *un des anneaux de la science moderne*. Even where his anger is roused, as, for instance, when treating of M. Feuerbach, the only weapon he uses is that of good-natured persiflage; and we doubt not that M. Feuerbach has felt its sting more acutely than the thunderbolts hurled at him by professional controversialists. We quote a short specimen (p. 417):—

M. Feuerbach a écrit en tête de la deuxième édition de son *Essence du Christianisme*: *Par ce livre, je me suis brouillé avec Dieu et avec le monde*. Nous croyons que c'est un peu de sa faute, et que, s'il avait voulu, Dieu et le monde lui auraient pardonné. Séduits par ce mauvais ton qui règne dans les universités Allemandes, et que j'appellerai volontiers le *pédantisme de la hardiesse*, beaucoup d'esprits droits et d'âmes honnêtes s'attribuent, sans le mériter, les honneurs de l'athéisme. Quand un Allemand se vante d'être impie, il ne faut jamais le croire sur parole. L'Allemand n'est pas capable d'être irréligieux; la religion, c'est-à-dire l'aspiration au monde idéal, est le fond même de sa nature. Quand il veut être athée, il l'est dévotement et avec une sorte d'unction.

If we wished to describe the character of M. Renan, and the spirit in which he treats religion in all its phases, we could not do it better than in his own eloquent and touching words:—

Il faut être bien sûr de soi pour ne point se troubler quand les femmes et les enfants joignent leurs mains pour vous dire, Croyez comme nous! On se console en songeant que cette scission entre les parties simples et les parties cultivées de l'humanité est une loi fatale de l'état que nous traversons, et qu'il est un régime supérieur des âmes élevées, dans laquelle se rencontrent souvent sans s'en douter ceux qui s'anathématisent; cité idéale que contemple le Voyant de l'Apocalypse, où se pressait une foule que nul ne pouvait compter, de toute tribu, de toute nation, de toute langue, proclamant d'une seule voix le symbole dans lequel tous se réunissent: "Saint, saint, saint est celui qui est, qui a été, et qui sera."

NOTICE.—The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

\* *Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse*. Par Ernest Renan, Membre de l'Institut. Deuxième Édition. Paris: Michel Levy Frères. 1857.



## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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A MENDELSSOHN NIGHT—AND A WEBER NIGHT.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that, in consequence of the great number of persons unable to obtain admission during the last performances of the "Indian Quadrille," he has made arrangements to postpone his departure for the provinces, and to give a few more concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre. The great and unprecedented success attending the "Indian Quadrille," and the other works lately produced, has prevented M. JULLIEN giving those classical nights which he was the first to introduce to the English public, and which have always been received with such distinguished favour by musical amateurs and the public generally.

In order to comply with the repeated requests of his numerous patrons, M. JULLIEN has arranged for a SECOND SERIES OF CONCERTS, which must necessarily be of very limited duration, owing to his departure on his provincial tour shortly before Christmas. They will commence on TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1st. It is M. JULLIEN's intention to give, during their continuance, a "Haydn Night," a "Mozart Night," a "Beethoven Night," a "Mendelssohn Night," and a "Weber Night." On these occasions, the first part of the Programme will be selected solely from the works of one of these great Masters. The second part will be varied as usual.

M. JULLIEN has the satisfaction of announcing that he has succeeded in retaining the services of that popular vocalist, Madlle. JETTY TREFFZ. At the close of this Second Series of Concerts, Madlle. JETTY TREFFZ will leave London for Vienna. M. JULLIEN having been unable to induce her to stay even for his Provincial Tour. Solists of the highest celebrity are also engaged for each of the Classical Nights, including the celebrated pianist Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, and the Hungarian artist M. EDOUARD REMY, solo violinist to Her Majesty.

The magnificent decorations which were prepared for the Bal Masqué will remain during the continuance of these Concerts. The whole theatre will be ornamented with wreaths and garlands of flowers in gold, silver, and colours. These decorations have been prepared by Messrs. CHAMOR and Co., who were charged with the decorations for the grand ball at the reception of the Emperor Napoleon III. at Stuttgart. Artists who were engaged, at a great expense, for the express purpose of arranging at Her Majesty's Theatre a display which will be seen for the first time in this country.

M. JULLIEN feels confident that he will receive, for his Second Series of Concerts, a continuance of that distinguished patronage and support which has already been so freely accorded to him.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—MOZART CONCERT.—SATURDAY**  
next, DECEMBER 5th, being the Anniversary of the Death of Mozart (1792), the Music for the usual Saturday Concert will be selected exclusively from the Works of that great Master. The Programme will include the Symphony in G Minor; Fantasia in C Minor, Piano-forte Solo; "Non temer," Cantata for Soprano, Orchestra and Piano-forte Obligato; Selection from Don Giovanni, &c. &c. Vocalists, Miss STEINBRACH and Mr. SANTI; Piano-forte, HERT PAUER; Conductor, Mr. MANNS. Open at Twelve, Concert at Half-past Two. Admission, Half-a-Crown; Children under Twelve, One Shilling.

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